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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

WHERE WILL IT END?

From The Atlantic Monthly.

WISE men of every name and nation, whether poets, philosophers, statesmen, or divines, have been trying to explain the puzzles of human condition, since the world began. For three thousand years, at least, they have been at this problem, and it is far enough from being solved yet. Its anomalies seem to have been expressly contrived by Nature to elude our curiosity and defy our cunning. And no part of it has she arranged so craftily as that web of institutions, habits, manners and customs, in which we find ourselves enmeshed as soon as we begin to have any perception at all, and which, slight and almost invisible as it may seem, it is so hard to struggle with and so impossible to break through. It may be true, according to the poetical Platonism of Wordsworth, that "heaven lies about us in our infancy"; but we very soon leave it far behind us, and as we approach manhood, sadly discover that we have grown up into a jurisdiction of a very different kind.

In almost every region of the earth, indeed, it is literally true that "shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy." As his faculties develope, he becomes more and more conscious of the deepening shadows, as well as of the grim walls that cast them on his soul, and his opening intelligence is earliest exercised in divining who built them first, and why they exist at all. The infant Chinese, the baby Calmuck, the suckling Hottentot, we must suppose, rest unconsciously in the calm of the heaven from which they, too, have emigrated, as well as the sturdy new-born Briton, or the freest and most independent little Yankee that is native and to the manner born of this great country of our own. But all alike grow gradually into a consciousness of walls, which, though invisible, are none the less impassible, and of chains, though light as air, yet stronger than brass or iron. And everywhere is the machinery ready, though different in its frame and operation in different torture-chambers, to crush out the budding skepticism, and to mould the mind into the monotonous decency of general conformity. Fo or Fetish, King or Kaiser, Deity itself or the vicegerents it has appointed in its stead, are answerable for it all. God himself has looked upon it, and it is very good, and there is no appeal from that approval of the Heavenly vision.

In almost every country in the world this deification of institutions has been promoted by their antiquity. As nobody can remember when they were not, and as no authentic records exist of their first establishment, their genealogy can be traced direct to Heaven without danger of positive disproof. Thus royal races and hereditary aristocracies and privileged priesthoods established themselves so firmly in the opinion of Europe, as well as of Asia, and still retain so much of their *prestige* there, notwithstanding the turnings and overturnings of the last two centuries. This Northern half of this great American continent, however, seems to have been kept back by Nature as a *tabula rasa*, a clean blackboard, on which the great problem of civil government might be worked out, without any of the incongruous drawbacks which have cast perplexity and despair upon those who have undertaken its solution in the elder world. All the elements of the demonstration were of the most favourable nature. Settled by races who had inherited or achieved whatever of constitutional liberty existed in the world, with no hereditary monarch, or governing oligarchy, or established religion on the soil, with every opportunity to avoid all the vices and to better all the virtues of the old politics, the era before which all history had been appointed to prepare the way seemed to have arrived, when the just relations of personal liberty and civil government were to be established forever.

And how magnificent the field on which the trophy of this final victory of a true civilization was to be erected! No empire or kingdom, at least since imperial Rome perished from the earth, ever unrolled a surface so vast and so variegated, so manifold in its fertilities and so various in its aspects of beauty and sublimity. From the Northern wastes, where the hunter and the trapper pursue by force or guile the fur-bearing animals, to the ever perfumed latitudes of the lemon and the myrtle—from the stormy Atlantic, where the skiff of the fisherman rocks fearlessly under the menace of beetling crags amid the foam of angry breakers, to where the solemn surge of the Pacific pours itself around our Western continent, boon Nature has spread out fields which ask only the magic touch of Labour to wave with every harvest and blush with every fruitage. Majestic forests crown the hills, asking to be transformed into homes for man on the solid earth, or into the moving miracles in which he flies on wings of wind or flame over the ocean to the ends of the earth. Exhaustless mineral treasures offer themselves to his hand, scarce hidden beneath the soil, or lying carelessly upon the surface—coal, and lead, and copper, and the "all-worshiped ore" of gold itself; while quarries, reaching to the centre, from many a rugged hill-top, barren all over besides, court the architect and the sculptor, ready to give shape to their dreams of beauty in the palace or in the statue.

The soil, too, is fitted by the influences of every sky for the production of every harvest that can bring food, comfort, wealth and luxury to man. Every family of the grasses, every cereal that can strengthen the heart, every fruit that can delight the taste, every fibre that can be woven into raiment or persuaded into the thousand shapes of human necessity, asks but a gentle solicitation to pour its abundance bounteously into the bosom of the husbandman. And men have multiplied under conditions thus auspicious to life, until they swarm on the Atlantic slope, are fast filling up the great valley of the Mississippi, and gradually flow over upon the descent towards the Pacific. The three millions, who formed the population of the Thirteen States that set the British empire at defiance, have grown up into a nation of nearly, if not quite, ten times that strength, within the duration of active lives not yet finished. And in freedom from unmanageable debt, in abundance and certainty of revenue, in the materials for naval armaments, in the elements of which armies are made up, in everything that goes to form national wealth, power and strength, the United States, it would seem, even as they are now, might stand against the world in arms, or in the arts of peace. Are not these results proof irrefragable of the wisdom of the government under which they have come to pass?

When the eyes of the thoughtful inquirer turn from the general prospect of the national greatness and strength, to the geographical divisions of the country, to examine the relative proportions of these gifts contributed by each, he begins to be aware that there are anomalies in the moral and political condition even of this youngest of nations, not unlike what have perplexed him in his observation of her elder sisters. He beholds the Southern region, embracing within its circuit three hundred thousand more square miles than the domain of the North, dowered with a soil incomparably more fertile, watered by mighty rivers fit to float the argosies of the world, placed nearer the sun and canopied by more propitious skies, with every element of prosperity and wealth showered upon it with Nature's fullest and most unwithdrawing hand, and sees, that, notwithstanding all this, the share of public wealth and strength drawn thence is almost inappreciable by the side of what is poured into the common stock by the strenuous sterility of the North. With every opportunity and means that Nature can supply for commerce, with navigable rivers searching its remotest corners, with admirable harbours in which the navies of the world might ride, with the chief articles of export for its staple productions, it still depends upon its Northern partner to fetch and carry all that it produces, and the little it consumes. Possessed of all the raw materials of manufactures and the arts, its inhabitants look to the North for everything they need from the cradle to the coffin. Essentially agricultural in its constitution, with every blessing Nature can bestow upon it, the gross value of all its productions is less by millions than that of the simple grass of the field gathered into Northern barns. With all the means and materials of wealth, the South is poor. With every advantage for gathering strength and self-reliance, it is weak and dependent. Why this difference between the two?

The *why* is not far to seek. It is to be found in the reward which Labour bestows on those that pay it due reverence in the one case, and the punishment it inflicts on those offering it outrage and insult in the other. All wealth proceeding forth from Labour, the land where it is honoured and its ministers respected and rewarded must needs rejoice in the greatest abundance of its gifts. Where, on the contrary, its exercise is regarded as the badge of dishonour and the vile office of the refuse and offscouring of the race, its largess must be proportionably meagre and scanty. The key of the enigma is to be found in the constitution of human nature. A man in fetters cannot do the task-work that one whose limbs are unshackled looks upon as pastime. A man urged by the prospect of winning an improved condition for himself and his children by the skill of his brain and the industry of his hand must needs achieve results such as no fear of torture can extort from one denied the holy stimulus of hope. Hence the difference so often noticed between tracts lying side by side, separated only by a river or an imaginary line; on one side of which, thrift and comfort and gathering wealth, growing villages, smiling farms, convenient habitations, school-houses, and churches make the landscape beautiful; while on the other, slovenly husbandry, dilapidated mansions, sordid huts, perilous wastes, horrible roads, the rare spire, and rarer village school betray all the nakedness of the land. It is the magic of motive that calls forth all this wealth and beauty to bless the most sterile soil stirred by willing and intelligent labour; while the reversing of that spell scatters squalor and poverty and misery over lands endowed by nature with the highest fertility, spreading their leprous infection from the labourer to his lord. All this is in strict accordance with the laws of God, as expounded by man in his books on political economy.

Not so, however, with the stranger phenomenon to be discerned inextricably connected with this anomaly, but not, apparently, naturally and inevitably flowing from it. That the denial of his natural and civil rights to the labourer who sows and reaps the harvests of the Southern country should be avenged upon the enslaver in the scanty yielding of the earth, and in the unthrift, the vices, and the wretchedness which are the only crops that spring spontaneously from soil blasted by slavery, is nothing strange. It is only the statement of the truism in moral and in political economy, that true prosperity can never grow up from wrong and wickedness. That pauperism, and ignorance, and vice, that reckless habits, and debasing customs, and barbarous manners should come of an organized degradation of labour, and of cruelty and injustice crystallized into an institution, is an inevitable necessity, and strictly according to the nature of things. But that the stronger half of the nation should suffer the weaker to rule over it in virtue of its weakness, that the richer region should submit to the political tyranny of its impoverished moiety because of that very poverty, is indeed a marvel and a mystery. That the intelligent, educated, and civilized portion of a race should consent to the sway of their ignorant, illiterate, and barbarian companions in the commonwealth, and this by reason of that uncouth barbarism, is an astonishment, and should be a hissing to all beholders everywhere. It would be so to ourselves, were we not so used to the fact, had it not so grown into our essence and ingrained itself with our nature as to seem a vital organism of our being. Of all the anomalies in morals and in politics which the history of civilized man affords, this is surely the most abnormous and the most unreasonable.

The entire history of the United States is but the record of the evidence of this fact. What event in our annals is there that slavery has not set her brand upon it to mark it as her own? In the very moment of the nation's birth, like the evil fairy of the nursery tale, she was present to curse it with her fatal words. The spell then wound up has gone on increasing in power, until the scanty formulas which seemed in those days of infancy as if they would fade out of the parchment into which they had been foisted, and leave no trace that they ever were, have blotted out all beside, and statesmen and judges read nothing there but the awful and all-pervading name of slavery. Once intrenched among the institutions of the country, this baleful power has advanced from one position to another, never losing ground, but establishing itself at each successive point more impregnably than before, until it has us at an advantage that encourages it to demand the surrender of our rights, our self-respect, and our honour. What was once whispered in the secret chamber of council is now proclaimed upon the house-tops; what was once done by indirection and guile is now carried with a high hand, in the face of day, at the mouth of the cannon and by the edge of the sabre of the nation. Doctrines and designs which a few years since could find no mouthpiece out of a bar-room, or the piratical den of a fillibuster, are now clothed with power by the authentic response of the bench of our highest judicatory, and obsequiously iterated from the oracular recesses of the National Palace.

And the events which now fill the scene are but due successors in the train that has swept over the stage ever since the nineteenth century opened the procession with the purchase of Louisiana. The acquisition of that vast territory, important as it was in a national point of view—but coveted by the South mainly as the fruitful mother of slaveholding States, and for the precedent it established, that the Constitution was a barrier only to what should impede, never to what might promote, the interests of slavery—was the first great stride she made as she stalked to her design. The admission of Missouri as a slaveholding State, granted after a struggle that shook American society to the centre, and then only on the memorable promises now broken to the ear as well as to the hope, was the next vantage-ground seized and maintained. The nearly contemporary purchase of Florida, though in design and in effect as revolutionary an action as that of Louisiana, excited comparatively little opposition. It was but the following up of an acknowledged victory by the Slave Power. The long and bloody wars in her miserable swamps, waged against the humanity of savages that gave shelter to the fugitives from her tyranny—slave-hunts, merely, on a national scale and at the common expense—followed next in the march of events. Then Texas loomed in the distance, and, after years of gradual approach and covert advances, was first wrested from Mexico, slavery next indissolubly chained to her, and then, by a *coup d'état* of astonishing impudence, was added, by a flourish of John Tyler's pen, in the very article of his political dissolution, to "the Area of Freedom!" Next came the war with Mexico, lying in its pretences, bloody in its conduct, triumphant in its results—for it won vast regions suitable for slavery now, and taught the way to win larger conquests when her ever-hungry maw should crave them. What need to recount the Fugitive Slave bill, and the other "Compromises" of 1850? or to recite the base repeal of the Missouri Compromise, showing the slaveholder's regard for promises to be as sacred as that of a pettifogger for justice or of a dicer for an oath? or to point to the plains of Kansas, red with the blood of her sons and blackened with the cinders of her towns, while the President of the United States held the sword of the nation at her throat to compel her to submission?

Success, perpetual and transcendent, such as has always waited on slavery in all her attempts to mould the history of the country and to compel the course of its events to do her bidding, naturally excites a measure of curiosity, if not of admiration, in the mind of every observer. Have the slave-owners thus gone on from victory to victory and from strength to strength by reason of their multitude, of their wealth, of their public services, of their intelligence, of their wisdom, of their genius, or of their virtue? Success in gigantic crime sometimes implies a strength and energy which compel a kind of respect even from those that hate it most. The right supremacy of the power that thus sways our destiny clearly does not reside in the overwhelming numbers of those that bear rule. The entire sum of all who have any direct connection with slavery, as owners or hirers, is less than THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND—not half as many as the inhabitants of the single city of New York! And yet even this number exaggerates the numerical force of the dominant element in our affairs. To approximate to the true result, it would be fair to strike from the gross sum those owning or employing less than ten slaves, in order to arrive at the number of slave-owners who really compose the ruling influence of the nation. This would leave but a small fraction over NINETY THOUSAND, men, women and children, owning slaves enough to unite them in a common interest. And from this should be deducted the women and minors, actually owning slaves in their own right, but who have no voice in public affairs. These taken away, and the absentees flying to Europe or the North from the moral contaminations and material discomforts inseparable from slavery, and not much more than FIFTY THOUSAND voting men will remain to represent this mighty and all-controlling power!—a fact as astounding as it is incontrovertible.

Oligarchies are nothing new in the history of the world. The government of the many by the few is the rule, and not the exception, in the polities of the times that have been and of those that now are. But the concentration of the power that determines the policy, makes the laws, and appoints the ministers of a mighty nation, in the hands of less than the five-hundredth part of its members, is an improvement on the essence of the elder aristocracies; while the usurpation of the title of the Model Republic and of the Pattern Democracy, under which we offer ourselves to the admiration and imitation of less happy nations, is certainly a refinement on their nomenclature.

This prerogative of power, too, is elsewhere conceded by the multitude to their rulers generally for some especial fitness, real or imaginary, for the office they have assumed. Some services of their own or of their ancestors to the State, some superiority, natural or acquired, of parts or skill, at least some speciality of high culture and elegant breeding, a quick sense of honour, a jealousy of insult to the public, an impatience of personal stain—some or all of these qualities, appealing to the gratitude or to the imagination of the masses, have usually been supposed to inhere in the class they permit to rule over over them. By virtue of some or all of these things, its members have had allowed to them their privileges and their precedency, their rights of exemption and of preeminence, their voice potential in the councils of the State, and their claim to be foremost in its defence in the hour of its danger. Some ray of imagination there is, which, falling on the knightly shields and heraldic devices that symbolize their conceded superiority, at least dazzles the eyes and delights the fancy of the crowd, so as to blind them to the inhering vices and essential fallacies of the Order to whose will they bow.

But no such consolations of delusion remain to us, as we stand face to face with the Power which holds our destinies in its hand. None of these blear illusions can cheat our eyes with any such false presentments. No antiquity hallows, no public services consecrate, no gifts of lofty culture adorn, no graces of noble breeding embellish the coarse and sordid oligarchy that gives law to us. And in the blighting shadow of Slavery letters die and art cannot live. What book has the South ever given to the libraries of the world? What work of art has she ever added to its galleries? What artist has she produced that did not instinctively fly, like Allston, to regions in which genius could breathe and art was possible? What statesmen has she reared, since Jefferson died and Madison ceased to write, save those intrepid discoverers who have taught that Slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions, and the vital element of Freedom herself? What divine, excepting the godly men whose theologic skill has attained to the doctrine that Slavery is of the essence of the gospel of Jesus Christ? What moralist, besides those ethic doctors who teach that it is according to the Divine Justice that the stronger race should strip the weaker of every civil, social, and moral right? The unrighteous partiality, extorted by the threats of Carolina and Georgia in 1788, which gives them a disproportionate representation because of their property in men, and the unity of interest which makes them always act in behalf of slavery as one man, have made them thus omnipotent. The North, distracted by a thousand interests, has always been at the mercy of whatever barbarian chief in the capital could throw his slave-whip into the trembling scale of party. The Government having been always, since this century began, at least, the creature and the tool of the slaveholders, the whole patronage of the nation, and the treasury filled chiefly by Northern commerce, have been at their command to help manipulate and mould plastic Northern consciences into practicable shapes. When the slave interest, consisting, at its own largest account of itself, of less than THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND souls, has *thirty* members of the Senate, while the free-labour interest, consisting of at least TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS, SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND souls, has but *thirty-two*, and when the former has a delegation of some score of members to represent its slaves in the House, besides its own fair proportion, can we marvel that it has achieved the mastery over us, which is written in black and bloody characters on so many pages of our history?

Such having been the absolute sway slavery has exercised over the facts of our history, what has been its influence upon the characters of the men with whom it has had to do? Of all the productions of a nation, its men are what prove its quality the most surely. How have the men of America stood this test? Have those in the high places, they who have been called to wait at the altar before all the people, maintained the dignity of character and secured the general reverence which marked and waited upon their predecessors in the days of our small things? The population of the United States has multiplied itself nearly tenfold, while its wealth has increased in a still greater proportion, since the peace of 'Eighty-Three. Have the Representative Men of the nation been made or maintained great and magnanimous, too? Or is that other anomaly, which has so perplexed the curious foreigner, an admitted fact, that in proportion as the country has waxed great and powerful, its public men have dwindled from giants in the last century to dwarfs in this? Alas, to ask the question is to answer it. Compare Franklin, and Adams, and Jay, met at Paris to negotiate the treaty of peace which was to seal the recognition of their country as an equal sister in the family of nations, with Buchanan, and Soulé, and Mason, convened at Ostend to plot the larceny of Cuba! Sages and law-givers, consulting for the welfare of a world and a race, on the one hand, and buccaneers conspiring for the pillage of a sugar island on the other!

What men, too, did not Washington and Adams call around them in the Cabinet!—how representative of great ideas! how historical! how immortal! How many of our readers can name the names of their successors of the present day? Inflated obscurities, bloated insignificances, who knows or cares whence they came or what they are? We know whose bidding they were appointed to obey, and what manner of work they are ready to perform. And shall we dare extend our profane comparisons even higher than the Cabinet? Shall we bring the shadowy majesty of Washington's august idea alongside the microscopic realities of to-day? Let us be more merciful, and take our departure from the middle term between the Old and the New, occupied by Andrew Jackson, whose iron will and doggedness of purpose give definite character, if not awful dignity, to his image. In his time, the Slave Power, though always the secret spring which set events in motion, began to let its workings be seen more openly than ever before. And from his time forward, what a graduated line of still diminishing shadows have glided successively through the portals of the White House! From Van Buren to Tyler, from Tyler to Polk, from Polk to Fillmore, from Fillmore to Pierce! "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," until it at last reached the vanishing point!

The baleful influence thus ever shed by slavery on our national history and our public men has not yet spent its its malignant forces. It has, indeed, reached a height which a few years ago it was thought the wildest fanaticism to predict; but its fatal power will not be stayed in the mid-sweep of its career. The Ordinance of 1787 torn to shreds and scattered to the winds—the line drawn in 1820, which the slaveholders plighted their faith slavery should never overstep, insolently as well as infamously obliterated—slavery presiding in the Cabinet, seated on the Supreme Bench, absolute in the halls of Congress—no man can say what shape its next aggression may not take to itself. A direct attack on the freedom of the press and the liberty of speech at the North, where alone either exists, were no more incredible than the later insolences of its tyranny. The battle not yet over in Kansas, for the compulsory establishment of slavery there by the interposition of the Federal arm, will be renewed in every Territory as it is ripening into a State. Already warning voices are heard in the air, presaging such a conflict in Oregon. Parasites everywhere instinctively feel that a zeal for the establishment of slavery where it has been abolished, or its introduction where it had been prohibited, is the highest recommendation to the Executive favour. The rehabilitation of the African slave trade is seriously proposed and will be furiously urged, and nothing can hinder its accomplishment but its interference with the domestic manufactures of the breeding Slave States. The pirate Walker is already mustering his forces for another incursion into Nicaragua, and rumours are rife that General Houston designs wresting yet another Texas from Mexico. Mighty events are at hand, even at the door; and the mission of them all will be to fix slavery firmly and forever on the throne of this nation.

Is the success of this conspiracy to be final and eternal? Are the States, which name themselves, in simplicity or in irony, the Free States, to be always the satrapies of a central power like this? Are we forever to submit to be cheated out of our national rights by an oligarchy as despicable as it is detestable, because it clothes itself in the forms of democracy, and allows us the ceremonies of choice, the name of power, and the permission to register the edicts of the sovereign? We, who broke the sceptre of King George, and set our feet on the supremacy of the British Parliament, surrender ourselves, bound hand and foot in bonds of our own weaving, into the hands of the slaveholding Philistines! We, who scorned the rule of the aristocracy of English acres, submit without a murmur, or with an ineffectual resistance to the aristocracy of American flesh and blood! Is our spirit effectually broken? is the brand of meanness and compromise burnt in uneffaceably upon our souls? and are we never to be roused by any indignities, to fervent resentment and effectual resistance? The answer to these grave questions lies with ourselves alone. One hundred thousand, or three hundred thousand men, however crafty and unscrupulous, cannot forever keep under their rule more than twenty millions, as much their superiors in wealth and intelligence as in numbers, except by their own consent. If the growing millions are to be driven with cartwhips along the pathway of their history by the dwindling thousands, they have none to blame for it but themselves. If they like to have their laws framed and expounded, their Presidents appointed, their foreign policy dictated, their domestic interests tampered with, their war and peace made for them, their national fame and personal honour tarnished, and the lie given to all their boastings before the old despotisms, by this insignificant fraction of their number—scarcely visible to the naked eye in the assembly of the whole people—none can gainsay or resist their pleasure.

But will the many always thus submit themselves to the domination of the few? We believe that the days of this igdominious subjection are already numbered. Signs in heaven and on earth tell us that one of those movements has begun to be felt in the Northern mind, which perplex tyrannies everywhere with the fear of change. The insults and wrongs so long heaped upon the North by the South begin to be felt. The torpid giant moves uneasily beneath his mountain-load of indignities. The people of the North begin to feel that they support a government for the benefit of their natural enemies; for, of all antipathies, that of slave labour to free is the most deadly and irreconcilable. There never was a time when the relations of the North and the South, as complicated by slavery, were so well understood and so deeply resented as now. In fields, in farm-houses, and in workshops, there is a spirit aroused which can never be laid or exorcised till it has done its task. We see its work in the great uprising of the Free States against the Slave States in the late national election. Though trickery and corruption cheated it of its end, the thunder of its protest struck terror into the hearts of the tyrants. We hear its echo, as it comes back from the Slave States themselves, in the exceeding bitter cry of the whites for deliverance from the bondage which the slavery of the blacks has brought upon them also. We discern the confession of its might in the very extravagances and violences of the Slave Power. It is its conscious and admitted weakness that has made Texas and Mexico and Cuba, and our own Northwestern territory, necessary to be devoured. It is desperation, and not strength, that has made the bludgeon and the bowie-knife integral parts of the national legislation. It has the American Government, the American Press, and the American Church, in its national organizations, on its side; but the Humanity and the Christianity of the Nation and the World abhor and execrate it. They that be against it are more than they that be for it.

It rages, for its time is short. And its rage is the fiercer because of the symptoms of rebellion against its despotism which it discerns among the white men of the South, who from poverty or from principle have no share in its sway. When we speak of the South as distinguished from the North by elements of inherent hostility, we speak only of the governing faction, and not of the millions of nominally free men who are scarcely less its thralls than the black slaves themselves. This unhappy class of our countrymen are the first to feel the blight which slavery spreads around it, because they are the nearest to its noxious power. The subjects of no European despotism are under a closer *espionage*, or a more organized system of terrorism, than are they. The slaveholders, having the wealth, and nearly all the education that the South can boast of, employ these mighty instruments of power to create the public sentiment and to control the public affairs of their region, so as best to secure their own supremacy. No word of dissent to the institutions under which they live, no syllable of dissatisfaction, even, with any of the excesses they stimulate, can be breathed in safety. A Christian minister in Tennessee relates an act of fiendish cruelty inflicted upon a slave by one of the members of his church, and he is forced to leave his charge, if not to fly the country. Another in South Carolina presumes to express in conversation his disapprobation of the murderous assault of Brooks on Senator Sumner, and his pastoral relations are broken up on the instant, as if he had been guilty of gross crime or flagrant heresy. Professor Hedrick, in North Carolina, ventures to utter a preference for the Northern candidate in the last presidential campaign, and he is summarily ejected from his chair, and virtually banished from his native State. Mr. Underwood, of Virginia, dares to attend the convention of the party he preferred, and he is forbidden to return to his home on pain of death. The blackness of darkness and the stillness of death are thus forced to brood over that land which God formed so fair, and made to be so happy.

That such a tyranny should excite an antagonistic spirit of resistance is inevitable from the constitution of man and the character of God. The sporadic cases of protest and of resistance to the slaveholding aristocracy, which lift themselves occasionally above the dead level of the surrounding despotism, are representative cases. They stand for much more than their single selves. They prove that there is a wide-spread spirit of discontent, informing great regions of the slave-land, which must one day find or force an opportunity of making itself heard and felt. This we have just seen in the great movement in Missouri, the very nursing-mother of Border-Ruffianism itself, which narrowly missed making Emancipation the policy of the majority of the voters there. Such a result is the product of no sudden culture. It must have been long and slowly growing up. And how could it be otherwise? There must be intelligence enough among the non-slaveholding whites to see the difference there is between themselves and persons of the same condition in the Free States. Why can they have no free schools? Why is it necessary that a missionary society be formed at the North to furnish them with such ministers as the slave-master can approve? Why can they not support their own ministers, and have a Gospel of free labour preached to them, if they choose? Why are they hindered from taking such newspapers as they please? Why are they subjected to a censorship of the press, which dictates to them what they may or may not read, and which punishes booksellers with exile and ruin for keeping for sale what they want to buy? Why must Northern publishers expurgate and emasculate the literature of the world before it is permitted to reach them? Why is it that the value of acres increases in a geometrical ratio, as they stretch away towards the North Star from the frontier of slavery? These questions must suggest their sufficient answer to thousands of hearts, and be preparing the way for the insurrection of which the slaveholders stand in the deadliest fear—that of the whites at their gates, who can do with them and their institutions what seems to them good, when once they know their power, and choose to put it forth. The unity of interest of the non-slaveholders of the South with the people of the free States is perfect, and it must one day combine them in a unity of action.

The exact time when the millions of the North and of the South shall rise upon this puny mastership, and snatch from its hands the control of their own affairs, we cannot tell—nor yet the authentic shape which that righteous insurrection will take unto itself. But we know that when the great body of any nation is thoroughly aroused, and fully in earnest to abate a mischief or to right a wrong, nothing can resist its energy or defeat its purpose. It will provide the way, when its will is once thoroughly excited. Men look out upon the world they live in, and it seems as if a change for the better were hopeless and impossible. The great statesmen, the eminent divines, the reverend judges, the learned lawyers, the wealthy landholders and merchants are all leagued together to repel innovation. But the earth still moves in its orbit around the sun; decay and change and death pursue their inevitable course; the child is born and grows up; the strong man grows old and dies; the law of flux and efflux never ceases, and lo! ere men are aware of it, all things have become new. Fresh eyes look upon the world, and it is changed. Where are now Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster? Where will shortly be Cass and Buchanan, and Benton, and their like? Vanished from the state of affairs, if not from the face of Nature. Who are to take their places? God knows. But we know that the school in which men are now in training for the arena is very different from the one which formed the past and passing generations of politicians. Great ideas are abroad, challenging the encounter of youth. Angels wrestle with the men of this generation, as with the Patriarch of old, and it is our own fault if a blessing be not extorted ere they take their flight. Principles, like those which in the earlier days of the republic elevated men into statesmen, are now again in the field, chasing the policies which have dwarfed their sons into politicians. These things are portentous of change—perhaps sudden, but, however delayed, inevitable.

And this change, whatever the outward shape in which it may incarnate itself, in the fulness of time, will come of changed ideas, opinions, and feelings in the general mind and heart. All institutions, even those of the oldest of despotisms, exist by the permission and consent of those who live under them. Change the ideas of the thronging multitudes by the banks of the Neva, or on the shores of the Bosphorus, and they will be changed into Republicans and Christians in the twinkling of an eye. Not merely the Kingdom of Heaven, but the kingdoms of this world are within us. Ideas are their substance; institutions and customs but the shadows they cast into the visible sphere. Mould the substance anew, and the projected shadow must represent the altered shape within. Hence the dread despots feel, and none more than the petty despots of the plantation, of whatever may throw the light of intelligence across the mental sight of their slaves. Men endure the ills they have, either because they think them blessings, or because they fear lest, should they seek to fly them, it might be to others that they know not of. The present Bonaparte holds France in a chain because she is willing that he should. Let her breathe upon the padlock, and, like that in the fable, it will fade into air, and he and his dynasty will vanish with it. So the people of the North submit to the domination of the South because they are used to it, and are doubtful as to what may replace it. Whenever the millions North and South, whom slavery grinds under her heel, shall be resolutely minded that her usurpation shall cease, it will disappear, and forever. As soon as the stone is thrown the giant will die, and men will marvel that they endured him so long. But this can only come to pass by virtue of a change yet to be wrought in the hearts and minds of men. Ideas everywhere are royal; here they are imperial. It is the great office of genius, and eloquence, and sacred function, and conspicuous station, and personal influence to herald their approach and to prepare the way before them, that they may assert their state and give holy laws to the listening nation. Thus a glorious form and pressure may be given to the coming age. Thus the ideal of a true republic, of a government of laws made and executed by the people, of which bards have sung and prophets dreamed, and for which martyrs have suffered and heroes died, may yet be possible to us, and the great experiment of this Western World be indeed a Model, instead of a Warning to the nations.

MR. BENTON ON THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

From The Lexington Observer.

TO GEORGE ROBERTSON, Esq., Ex-Chief-Justice, &c., Lexington, Ky.

MY DEAR SIR: I have read with infinite gratification your publications in *The National Intelligencer* on the decision of the Supreme Court on the Missouri Compromise act, and concur with you most heartily, as you will soon see in the 6th volume of the Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, now in the press (the Messrs. Appleton of New York); and also in an "Examination" which I have made of the same branch of the decision in a thin octavo of 200 pages, likewise now in the press and quickly to appear. This decision—that part of it which relates to the nullity of the Compromise act, and to the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories—is the heaviest political blow that ever fell upon me, and left me in a state of total impossibility of remaining silent under it. I view it as you do—as dreadfully wrong in itself, and entirely extrajudicial, and of no more weight than the opinion of any half dozen equally respectable citizens coming to the same conclusion (in much part), upon inconsistent, incompatible and contradictory reasons. That compromise act was a political enactment, made by the political power, for political reasons, and these reasons among the largest that ever influenced human legislation—no less than to reconcile a divided and distracted country, and to prevent our sacred Union from splitting asunder. As such political enactment the Court had no right to judge it; even if the question had come fairly before it—which it did not; for the judiciary cannot judge political questions, neither of right nor in fact; for these questions depend upon considerations of policy which the judiciary cannot touch, and not upon the interpretation of phrases, to which the Court is confined. The same of the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories; it was a political question as to what that Constitution should extend; and it was limited by its own words to States; and has been so acted upon by every Congress, and by all authorities (State and Federal, Legislative, Executive and Judicial), from the commencement of the Federal Government to the present day. And I venture the assertion that there has not been one single member of Congress, in the seventy years in which Congresses have been held, who has not voted for objects in the Territories (local internal improvements, for example) which they would not vote for in a State; and upon the express ground that the Constitution did not extend to Territories. The ordinance of 1787 was the Territorial Constitution, given to Territories as a sovereign gives a charter to his subjects; and as such was made in concert with the Constitution, as you well say, and indispensable to the formation of the Constitution; and as such was provided for—doubly provided for—in the new Government; first, by the clause in the Constitution which devolves all the "engagements" of the Congress of the Confederation upon the new Federal Congress; and, secondly, by the act of the new Congress of Aug. 7, 1789—the eighth act passed by the Congress under Washington—adapting that ordinance to the new Constitution, and adopting it in every word which it contained as a law of the new Government.

You will see in the Abridged Debates (the notes as well as the text) that full justice is done to yourself and to all the patriotic men who acted with you in that great measure of reconciliation and pacification; and also in my "Examination" of the Court's opinion—that part of it which I deem political and extrajudical, and *obiter dicta*. As for what concerns the individuals before the Court as parties to the record, I have nothing to say. That part was judicial; and whether rightfully or wrongfully gotten hold of and decided, I let it alone; for it was the decision of the tribunal of highest resort; and the peace and good order of society require all questions of personal rights to be settled and done with. But in this political decision, in which the Supreme Court acted upon a question beyond its jurisdiction, and lugged it in as a tail to a question of negro freedom, and in which it decided upon a view of the Constitution, which had no more to do with it than the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and then reversed the action of the Government for seventy years, and made a new Constitution in all that relates to Territorial legislation: in such case I have felt it to be my duty, as one of the few survivors of the old school, to raise my voice against it, and to appeal to the candid intelligence of my fellow-citizens to come to the defence of our Constitution, such as our fathers made it, and as it was administered for two generations.

I mean what I say, when I say the Supreme Court had as well been looking into Robinson Crusoe as looking into the Constitution of the United States to find the power of Congress to legislate for Territories; for it is not there, but in the ordinance of '87, adopted by the Constitution and by the first Congress under Washington, and in their right as sovereign proprietors, having the right to govern what they have a right to acquire, and become their duty under the State cession acts and under the treaties of cession. The "needful rules and regulation clause," as the Court said, gave no power to govern the Territories; it only applied to property, and that the property of the United States—its territory, *id est*, land, and its other property, *id est*, personal estate. It conferred no powers of Government, and that for the reason known to everybody at the time, and to nobody (hardly) now, *videlicet*: because the government of the Territories was provided for in another place—namely, in the ordinance of 1787, and protected by a clause in the Constitution, and adopted, by Congress August 7th, 1789, and in the right of sovereign proprietors. The Court looked in the wrong place to find the power of Congress to legislate for Territories.

I was breaking down under the appalling attack which fell upon me when I was writing the "Examination," and had to leave some heads unfinished, and also to add some part after I had given up this world. My physician, Dr. May, saw with astonishment that I rose from what he knew I considered the bed of death (and which he feared to be so), and went to my table and wrote. I was adding something to the "Examination," and could hardly refrain from a postscript: "This is my political testament, written with a dying hand." Well! I did not die, but I have to; and will die upon the truth and justice of what I wrote.

Among the heads sketched, but not filled up, are the Florida Territorial transactions of 1821, in which Gov. Jackson, commissioned with the power of a Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, under an act of Congress continuing temporarily the Spanish system of Government in that Territory, and in which he found occasion to act up to the letter of that law and commission, uniting in himself the supreme, civil, military, executive and judicial functions, using the military for his arm, and his own fiat for authority, sending Gov. Callava to the calaboose, and having Judge Fromentin brought before him at the point of the bayonet for issuing a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of the imprisoned Governor; and laying divers others by the heels for complicity in Callava's fault, to wit, refusing to deliver up, and intending to carry off judicial records on which depended redress to orphan children who had been despoiled of their father's property for fifteen years; and all which actings and doings of Gov. Jackson, exercising over Florida the power of a Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, were appointed expressly by the Monroe Administration (and you know who composed that Administration), and impliedly sanctioned by each House of Congress in their refusal to act upon the complaints of the incarcerated officers; and all upon the ground that the Constitution of the United States did not extend to a Territory, and that no act of Congress had carried into Florida any of its provisions—any habeas corpus act, any jury trial, or any warrant, general or special, or any security against seizure of persons, search of houses, or capture of papers and effects. This head, growing out of the transaction in Florida, so recent in date and so up to the exigency of our argument, was merely named and sketched in the "Examination," but afterward well developed in the forthcoming sixth volume of the Abridgment.

In that same "Examination" will be seen the manner in which the act abrogating the Missouri Compromise was passed, and of which it was only the first step and the wedge; whereof the good people of the United States are at present profoundly ignorant, for telegraph reporting has about killed all popular knowledge of Congress proceedings, confining their reports to *results*, too brief and meagre to show how Congress acts; and yet this is almost the only report of Congress-doings which the people will read in this go-ahead age of steam and electricity.

It is a long time since we saw each other; and what is called politics have sadly run down since that time, and especially in the last Presidential term, presenting but little for the attraction of any man who has nothing but the public good in view; but here is a question of a new kind, national and elevated, on which all who are for the Constitution as our fathers made it, and as they administered it in their day and generation, and as the next generation administered it (and that without distinction of party or default of a man), may come together and stand. For one, I can give no political aid or comfort to any man or party, in any future election, who shall uphold the opinion of the Supreme Court in declaring the nullity of the Missouri Compromise; and in decreeing the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories, carrying slavery with it, and preventing Congress and the people of the Territory from saying yea or nay to its introduction or repulsion.

I am now well recovered, and working as usual, and expect to finish the Abridgment next Summer, and then to add another volume to the two of the Thirty Years' View, bringing it down

the artists, merchants, mechanics and artisans, this revolution, or rather natural development, will be soon seen unless the sequence of cause and effect is abolished.

We do not intend to write an eulogy upon cities, but we cannot be contradicted when we say that the struggle between Freedom and Slavery in Europe was a struggle between the cities and the landed proprietory. Every city was a a place of refuge for the fugitive serf. Their population was chiefly drawn from this source. Emancipated labour worked in their forges and at their looms, built and manned their ships, and built and manned their walls and towers. The steel-clad baron, and the merchant and mechanic were natural enemies, but though the first owned the land and all appertaining to it, he had to succumb at last to the others who gathered gold from the waves of the sea and the bowels of the earth. The cities became independent republics as in Italy, or self-governed municipalities as in Spain and England, with ancient and irrevocable charters granting the widest franchises. The struggle was not a temporary one. The revolution which hurled the headless trunk of a Stuart from the throne of England was the victory of the town over the country, the victory of commerce and democracy over the territorial aristocracy. The French revolution was in all respects similar. It was a triumph of the cities, and the landless peasants. Later still the predominance of the cities has been seen in England, but in a milder, if not in a more beneficent guise. The reform bill by which the aristocracy were shorn of much of their parliamentary power, and the repeal of the corn laws by which they were shorn of much of their revenues, were the victories of cities. It is not too much to affirm that the spirit of commerce is hostile to aristocracy. It is but repeating a truism which every ancient and modern historian elaborates. An aristocracy like ours which has no parallel in the enlightened section of the earth, because it owns both land and labour, whereas other aristocracies own but the land only, must necessarily be obnoxious to Democratic ideas, and hence our commercial cities of the South are all opposed to the National Democratic party. With the growth of the cities this sentiment must grow, this antagonism deepen, and in proportion to the progress of a country is the predominance of the cities.

But the free soil element derives strength from other and diverse causes. Not a Southerner travels in Europe whose faith in the divinity of slavery is not shaken; not an immigrant who crosses Mason and Dixon's line from the North, or who touches the banks of the Mississippi from the sea, but carries with him sentiments hostile to slavery. Every boat that goes down the river bears other freight than that registered on her books. Opinion is steadily progressing, for discussion is more general. What! will the winds of heaven carry the seeds of the lofty palm hundreds of miles across the tropical seas to the desert coral island, and refuse to burden themselves with the imponderous germs of freedom? No, they lurk in the telegraphic despatch, they nestle in the newspaper, they are imparted, wittingly or unwittingly, by every traveller. A New England farm or a New York harbour will almost make the planter a convert on first sight to the cause of free labour; and the dweller on the border, who sees every year the superior crops which are drawn across the river, is an emancipationist at heart. Every lesson taught by nature and art is hostile to slavery. Barefaced power is the only grant which can extend it, and this opens a new question.

The pro-slavery deluge which threatened to overflow all the Territories, *has retired never to return.* It has ebbed so far that Virginia herself, the mother of States and statesmen, of office-holders, office-hunters and niggers, has been left high and dry. She has been abandoned by the hard-pressed pro-slavery men of the cotton States, as Britain was abandoned by the Romans. At least such is the plain declaration of the ultra-Southern press, who place her with Missouri and Kentucky. Again, there is every reason to think that the National Democratic party will divide upon the Kansas question. This will be the greatest victory which the free labour cause will have achieved—the conquest and capture of a large portion of its avowed enemies. Virginia and the National Democratic party unreliable, and Kansas lost to slavery, the area of free soil must widen rapidly, and the moral force of free soil principles increase.

The pro-slavery cause is, therefore, declining in spite of the political victories of the party which sustains it. The South, too, is isolated. Even Russia, which she has so extravagantly admired hitherto, is about to abolish serfdom by imperial ukase, and the serf is going to be, not only a free man but a freebooter. Holland has preceded Russia and decreed the gradual emancipation of all the slaves in her West India colonies. Except from the kingdom of Brazil and the island of Cuba, the South can receive no sympathy or succour in her stubborn battle for the perpetuation of her beloved institution. At home and abroad she finds allies and auxiliaries abandoning her. She finds nature herself arrayed against her, and the mute earth protesting that this magnificent continent, with its grand rivers and fertile plains, and its mountains emboweled with the useful and precious metals, was not destined for the occupancy of slaves and slave-owners. Yet the position of the South excites admiration. She reminds one of the ancient tragedy, struggling vainly but bravely with destiny. But we look for no catastrophe, for *she will see the propriety of acquiescing in what is inevitable.*

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

GOV. WALKER AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26, 1857.

GOVERNOR WALKER had a long and very friendly interview with the President to-day. They discussed Kansas affairs at length, especially relative to the propriety of sustaining the action of the Constitutional Convention in not referring the entire instrument to the people. The distinguished gentlemen, though differing radically, parted friends, appointing another interview for the discussion of the same subject.

Some of their mutual friends hope for the ultimate reconciliation of their views, but the hope is fallacious. Their differences are too radical for compromise. Open hostility is inevitable, involving a split of the National Democracy—Walker heading the Conservatives, and Buchanan the Fire-eaters.

The Governor's opinion of the Constitution is not founded on the Slavery clause, which is alone partially submitted, but on the refusal of the Convention to permit the people to vote against as well as for the Constitution. He regards this as a violation of the Constitution, of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, of popular sovereignty, and of the right of self-government.

The President insists that, as the Constitutional Convention was authorized by Congress, he is bound to sustain its action, whatever it may be, while Walker holds that the application of his doctrine to sustain the refusal to submit the entire Constitution to the popular vote, amounts to a simple assertion of the right of Congress to force any Constitution on the Territory, instead of leaving the people to decide for themselves; for it is notorious that the people of Kansas would reject this instrument if they had the opportunity. He states that the Constitution was signed by only forty-three out of sixty members of the Convention—those refusing being Conservatives. The great majority even of the Pro-Slavery men denounced the action of the Convention as an outrageous and unendurable usurpation. Those in the Territory who support the Convention are believed to comprise a ridiculously small number, and vast numbers who never acted with the Free State men will refuse to participate in the December election.

Governor Walker has never yet seen the Constitution, and nobody outside knows what it is. All efforts of the Governor to obtain a copy failed. The Committee having it in charge may make it whatever they choose, without any popular check. There is reason to fear that its signers will be driven out of the Territory, that it will be considered spurious, and that the State Government never can be set in operation under it unless by the Federal arms.

Governor Walker declares that he cannot acquiesce in the action of the Convention without violating every pledge he ever gave, and sacrificing his honest convictions to make himself infamous.

If resistance is made to the establishment of the State Government, the President will necessarily call upon the Governor of the Territory to exercise force to put it down. This with his sentiments, Walker cannot do, and will not—nor will he resign.

If the President considers it his duty to force the Constitution, directly contrary to the spirit of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, in support of which Walker risked his political future at the solicitation of the Executive, depend upon it the President will be compelled to assume the responsibility of removing the Governor.

The effect of all this, if the President persists, will be that the Executive will find himself in a minority in both houses of Congress, for Walker will be sustained by a decided majority in each. He cannot be thrown out of the Democratic party, as were Reeder and Shannon.

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26, 1857.

The Kansas question has again suddenly assumed a gloomy and threatening aspect. President Buchanan had endorsed the action of the Constitutional Convention and approved of the plan for submitting the Constitution to the people. This I have stated in my despatches. Now Governor Walker arrives and swears the oath of Hannibal against the whole proceeding. He pronounces it an outrage upon the people of Kansas, and a shameless violation of all the principles of free government. He is absolutely opposed to the Constitution, and stands pledged to defeat it. An effort on the part of Congress, he says, to force that Constitution on the people of Kansas, without their voice being heard for or against it, will surely be followed by rebellion and a bloody civil war. He describes the opposition to it as almost universal, and says no party in the Territory favours it. Thus are the President and Governor Walker brought in direct opposition on this exciting and embarrassing subject.

At one o'clock to-day Gov. Walker had his first interview with Mr. Buchanan, and after five hours of the kindest and most friendly interchange of views, they parted to sleep upon the question, and will meet again to-morrow. A split between these two distinguished officials would be productive just now of disaster to the country and perfect annihilation to the Democratic party. Can they reconcile their difference of opinion? Mutual friends here hope so, but the parties themselves fear not. Mr. Buchanan thinks that a submission of the slavery clause to the people was so much gained; and as this was the gist of the whole dispute, he deemed it his duty to approve of what was done, if he could not have the whole Constitution submitted as he desired. Gov. Walker says slavery is not the issue among the people of Kansas—that has passed by; but all the issues affecting their government as a community are involved in the Constitution, on which they are denied the privilege to vote, and they will resist, at all hazards, the attempt to force it upon them; and to this resistance he, himself, is absolutely and uncompromisingly committed. Can the Governor back down? He certainly never will. But may he not return to Kansas and urge a free, full and peaceable vote upon the slavery clause, under a protest against the rest of the Constitution; and having rid it of this incubus, there not being three hundred men in the Territory who would vote for the clause there, afterwards leave Congress to send the rest of the Constitution back to the people for a proper vote upon the instrument itself? This, it is believed, Gov. Walker could do without any sacrifice of principle or position. If so, should he not, as a great statesman looking to the good of his country, make haste to do it, and by this means harmonize the difference of sentiment and avoid its unhappy consequences?

I learn that the Constitution itself is yet a secret document in the Territory, and still in the hands of the Committee, to be altered and amended as they may think proper. Twenty dollars was offered for a copy of it by a gentleman, but it could not be had. It is the earnest desire of both the President and Gov. Walker to agree upon a common platform, upon which they can honourably stand; and frequent free and friendly intercourse may lead to this. If not, we have bad but the beginning of the end of "bleeding Kansas."

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1857.

Reports have been circulating in this city and elsewhere, that Governor Walker sustains the schedule adopted by the Lecompton Constitutional Convention. I am now able to deny the truth of these reports. Governor Walker no more favors the withholding of the Constitution framed by that Convention from a negative vote of the people of Kansas than does *The Press*, or the independent Democratic press generally.

The principle of self-government, as always maintained by him, and as clearly enunciated and enforced by the President in his inaugural, and in his instructions to Governor Walker, authorizes the people to vote for or against a State Constitution entire, and is not confined to the question of slavery, even if that had been fairly submitted. Conventions are the servants and delegates of the people, and not sovereigns by representation or otherwise. This is true as a general rule, but surely must prevail where, as in Kansas, half its Counties were disfranchised, and would not and did not cast a single vote for delegates to the Convention.

These are not only the sentiments of Governor Walker, but they are also the sentiments of Senator Douglas. Both of these gentlemen are indignant at the unfair proceeding of this Lecompton Convention. Mr. Douglas censures it, and will censure it from his place in the Senate, as being altogether in opposition to that great principle of popular sovereignty for which he contended in the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and which was afterwards endorsed by the Cincinnati Convention.

Special Despatch to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29, 1857.

The interview between the President and Governor Walker yesterday resulted in no change in their positions on the Kansas question. Walker is immovable in his bold stand for the rights of self-government.

The President is seriously concerned because of its thickening difficulties, but indicates no disposition to yield to Walker's views.

The near approach of the meeting of Congress complicates affairs. Orr is the Administration candidate for Speaker of the House. If the President continues firm in the support of the Kansas Convention, the effect it is calculated will be damaging to Orr among the Northern men, and if the Executive flinches in the least, the Southern distrust of Orr as a candidate will be greatly enhanced; for, as a matter of course, the Admistration speaker is bound by engagement to support its policy.

Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28, 1857.

The public announcement of the serious antagonism between the Administration and Governor Walker relative to Kansas affairs, has attracted the gravest attention. No one questions the facts as presented. By general consent the condition of antagonism is accepted on all hands. The President is thought to have committed himself so decidedly to the policy of sustaining the action of the Constitutional Convention, that he cannot recede; and those who know the earnest convictions of duty and sound policy upon which Governor Walker bases his opposition to the course of that body, are well assured that he will stand firm as a rock, make the distinct issue before the people, and let the country decide between the President and himself.

Further conference between the President and the Governor has only increased the improbability of their coming together upon a common platform. Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet, after reviewing the whole subject again on Friday, stand a unit against Walker and in favour of sustaining the Convention. Not only do they accept that course as an inevitable duty: they go further, and commend as highly judicious the ingenious device by which the Convention seeks to cheat the people of Kansas out of an opportunity to vote upon the entire Constitution. They justify it upon the presumption that the people of Kansas would reject the entire project if presented to them; and thus they concede their determination to exert the Federal power to force upon the people an organic law to which they are clearly opposed.

Gov. Walker ignores, altogether, the slavery question, and takes his stand against the action of the Constitutional Convention upon the ground that it strikes at the root of self-government. It is, in his view, no longer an issue between slavery and pro-slavery, but between Republicanism and Despotism—between the rule of the majority, and the absolutism of the few.

Gov. Walker is satisfied that no inducement can lead the mass of the people of Kansas to vote at the December election. They feel that their last hope of peacefully securing their rights is by giving one more proof that it is a ridiculously small minority which seeks to enslave them. They will organize Committees of Vigilance to protect the polls, and see that no votes are cast except by legal voters. As very few votes will be cast except by those who favour the pro-slavery clause in the Constitution, it will be carried. In this shape it will come to Congress with perhaps three thousand votes out of the twenty thousand which the Territory should cast. It will thus be evident that only a small part of the people accept the Constitution as the organic law of the new State, and the question will then be presented directly to Congress whether or no it will admit Kansas into the Union with a Constitution against which the vast majority of her voters protest, and upon which it is notorious that they were refused opportunity to pass their verdict of condemnation at the ballot-box. The question will be whether Congress, at the bidding of a minority, is ready to *force* an obnoxious Constitution upon the majority.

This is the issue—and upon it the battle will be fought. It remains to be seen whether the President can sustain his position before Congress. He relies, of course, upon the united South; and it is possible that a judicious dispensation of the Federal patronage—carefully hoarded for this purpose—may enable him to secure votes enough among Northern members to give him a majority. I do not believe it: for however ready a man may be to run the risk of damage, for the sake of compensation, where there is a reasonable chance of escaping annihilation, few can be found in political life to rush directly into the jaws of inevitable destruction, at any price.

I do not think that the President is quite so resolute in his determination to sustain the Convention as he was at first. There are indications that he begins to have some doubts of the policy—although he has committed himself so deeply that it is difficult to see how he is to change front now. Southern men, who have opposed Walker all along, express no gratitude for the President's present attitude. They suggest that the issue between him and the Governor of Kansas only relates to a matter of opinion, and not to any act of the Governor's; and they ask more earnestly than ever why Mr. Buchanan did not rebuke and remove him long ago, because of the speeches in which he led the people to take, with him, the very attitude which constitutes the basis of the present difference of opinion between him and the Executive. S.

From The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29, 1857.

The conferences between the President and Governor Walker continue, but without apparent result. The President will not give way, and Governor Walker will not recede. Besides, that part of the President's message which refers to Kansas is all written, and will not be altered, come what may. There is no *mezzo-termine* at which both could meet, and I shrewdly suspect that neither party is desirous of thus compromising the question.

The President and his Cabinet are a unit. There is no member of the Cabinet who approves of the articles of the Philadelphia *Press*, and none that is not opposed to the view of the question taken by the Chicago *Times*.

Everybody is waiting for the arrival of Judge Douglas, which, it is hoped, he will not delay. From his prominent position, his known ability, and his courage, he cannot but play an important part in the settlement of the Kansas question; and as chairman of the Committee on Territories in the Senate, his is the post of honor and danger. It is not believed here that the Chicago *Times* speaks the sentiments of the "Little Giant," nor is it believed that General Cass can control the Detroit *Free Press*. General Cass has not once differed from the President, and, I venture to say, never will.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1857.

The President has completed his message, and will read it for the first time to the Cabinet to-morrow. It is unusually lengthy, for he discusses in an elaborate manner, the currency, our foreign relations, Utah affairs, and the Kansas difficulties. Upon Kansas affairs the President takes bold ground. He sustains the action of the Kansas Convention clear up to the hub.

Despatch to The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1857.

Governor Walker will visit New York, in a day or two, on private business. It is certain that he is fully sustained in his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution by the California Senators, Gwin and Broderick, notwithstanding the denial of the fact by the Administration papers of to-day. He also receives, every day, numerous assurances of support from influential conservative gentlemen at the South.

There is no prospect, whatever, of an agreement between him and the Administration. Denunciation and threats are very freely used to compel him to recede, but without effect. He avows it as his deliberate conviction, from personal observation of the people of Kansas, that, if the Democratic party attempts to force the Lecompton Constitution upon them, a furious civil war will be inevitable.

From Another Correspondent of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1857.

To day the relations between the President and Governor Walker have assumed a new aspect, and, while friendly professions are still interchanged, it is understood that either the resignation or the removal of Walker will take place before the meeting of Congress. The former alternative is now not probable, but the other may be precipitated by the action of the Cabinet to-morrow.

The President justifies his course in sustaining the Convention upon the ground that its legality had been recognized by Congress and himself, and that, therefore, he is bound to accept its recent action as valid, although he would have preferred that the whole Constitution should have been submitted to the people.

The Constitution and schedule, which recently appeared in *The Union*, were transmitted here by General Calhoun as literal transcripts, but authenticated copies are daily expected, which will be communicated to Congress with the President's message.

It is understood that Senators Bigler, Bright, Fitch, Thompson, and Wright, and perhaps Pugh, as well as those members of the House who follow their lead, will sustain the Kansas policy of the Administration. It is believed, too, in court circles, that Senator Douglas will recede from the position assumed by his organs.

From The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1857.

At the Cabinet meeting to-day the Kansas question was discussed. A number of leading Southern Democrats have arrived within a day or two, and their influence upon the counsels of the Administration is always very manifest. The Lecompton Constitution is to be forced upon Kansas if it can be got through Congress by the most stringent party drill. The South insists upon it, and the Administration acquiesces. Personal as well as party considerations have tended to produce this decision. It is considered a good opportunity to cheak the aspirations of Gov. Walker and Senator Douglas, and to purify the party from the remnants of Free State sentiments. Gov. Walker, if not removed, will have a policy in Kansas prescribed to him which he cannot follow, and which will compel his resignation. It is thought that the Free State men of Kansas can be induced to vote on the 21st of December, and if they do vote, the calculation is that Congress will admit Kansas as a nominally Free State, the South being satisfied with the recognition of perpetual property in slaves.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1857.

A letter has been received from Secretary Stanton by the President recalling his resignation as Secretary of Kansas, and assigning as a reason for this course his intention of standing or falling by Gov. Walker, whose whole course he approved.

Gov. Walker has gone to New York on private business for four or five days, leaving here with an inclination not to resign, though advised to the contrary by some friends. He will probably be removed before his return, in which event the Government will temporarily fall into Secretary Stanton's hands, unless the President refuses to receive his recall of his previous resignation.

From The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1857.

That portion of the President's Message relating to Kansas affairs, will be looked to and looked for with much interest. The President has not changed his position one iota upon that question. He endorsed fully and emphatically, from the commencement, the action of the Kansas Convention; and the interviews with Gov. Walker have not convinced him that he was wrong. He regrets exceedingly that Gov. Walker deems it his duty to pursue an opposite course to him and his Administration. But he has taken his position, and sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish—he is determined to weather the storm. He discusses at considerable length the Kansas question in all its bearings, and comes to the conclusion that in sustaining the action of that Convention, he is but carrying out in its letter and meaning the Kansas and Nebraska bill.

STATE OF FEELING IN KANSAS.

From the Tribune.

We have seen a gentleman just from Kansas, who left Leavenworth in the same boat with Governor Walker. He represents that Territory as in the highest state of excitement, consequent upon the attempt of the bogus Constitutional Convention to impose, of their own authority, a State Constitution on Kansas. The indignation felt and expressed is by no means confined to Free State men or opponents of the National Administration. No man was more vehement than Walker himself, whether at Leavenworth, on his passage down the Missouri, or at St. Louis—and our latest advices state that he still retains these sentiments since his arrival at Washington—in the most emphatic condemnation of the usurpations attempted by the Convention. What makes the outrage the more keenly felt in Kansas is the infamous private character of the majority in the Convention, by which the final action of that body was determined. Walker insisted most positively, both before and after leaving the Territory, that the Administration at Washington was irrevocably pledged to sustain him in his often-reiterated declaration that the people should be allowed a fair and free vote on the adoption or rejection of any Constitution that might be framed for them. But from the course which he took, in leaving the Territory, and his conduct previous to doing so, it is obvious that on this point he had in his own mind some disagreeable doubts. A committee having waited upon him as soon as the final action of the bogus Convention was known, to request him to call the Territorial Legislature together, he put them off by professing some doubts whether, if he were to issue a proclamation for that purpose, it would be the old or the newly-elected Legislature that would come together under it. He promised to look into the matter and to return an early answer; but, instead of doing so, he took the first boat that left, and hastened to Washington. Meantime, a great public meeting was held at Leavenworth, which, under the addresses of General Lane and others, was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. The meeting was partly quieted down by assurances from some Democratic speakers, that it was impossible to believe that President Buchanan would sustain the Convention in the course it had taken; and, finally, the assembled multitude adjourned, after agreeing to call a general Convention of the Territory to meet in Leavenworth to-day. Previous to this meeting, the endorsement of the Convention by *The Washington Union*, if not still stronger proof of the disposition of Mr. Buchanan to support this juggle of a few usurpers, would have arrived in the Territory; and, knowing as he did the state of feeling there, our informant anticipates a decided explosion. There exists in the Territory a volunteer military organization, not less than ten thousand strong, and it is well understood that it was the anticipation of some decisive action from that quarter that quickened not a little the action of Walker and Stanton in rejecting the bogus Oxford returns. The people of Kansas have made up their minds that they will not allow the bogus Constitution to be forced upon them, and the attempt to hold the proposed election on the 21st, and even the taking of any preliminary steps towards it, might be attended with very disagreeable personal consequences to the agents therein.

Meanwhile, at this crisis of its fate, the Territory is left, as it were, to itself. Walker is at Washington, and, though he gives out that he will not resign, it seems exceedingly doubtful whether he ever returns to the Territory. Stanton has as good as resigned already. As to the judiciary—composed, as it is, of such men as Lecompte and Cato—it would, in the present crisis, be perfectly powerless. There are, it is said, near three thousand regular troops collected at Leavenworth; but, if an attempt were made by their help to force through the bogus Constitution, it might lead to a civil war far more alarming than that which hangs over Utah.

Either Mr. Buchanan must give up his disposition to sustain the action of the bogus Convention, or he must prepare to carry it through at the point of the bayonet.

[The Rev. Ephraim Nute, Unitarian minister at Lawrence, writes to *The Christian Inquirer* as follows:

You will bear me witness that I have never been one of the croakers on Kansas affairs. From the first casting in of my lot with that oppressed people, my confidence in their final triumph has been among the firmest of my convictions. A sense of their determined purpose and heroic spirit of endurance, which is the result of my intimate acquaintance with them, and some participation in their public affairs, during a residence of two and a half years in the Territory, makes it difficult for me to entertain the thought of their ultimate subjection to a usurping minority, and by the strong arm of the Federal Government.

Under our form of government there must be a limit beyond which iniquitous tyranny, like that which afflicts the settlers of Kansas, cannot go; then comes the reaction; and the plotters of evil are overwhelmed by the storm which they have raised, and thrust headlong into the pit which they have digged by an outraged people. That this crisis is close at hand, and its just retribution to be speedily accomplished, is now my hope. The long series of wrongs put upon this people can no longer be denied or glossed over. They have shown themselves opposed to the rule set up over them and for the last three years maintained by fraud and violence, and to the institution of slavery, by a large majority; this, too, in spite of much fraudulent voting, and of the desperate attempts of the usurpers to cheat them by frauds yet more brazen and extensive.

Is it probable that they will quietly submit to the new outrage with which their liberties are now threatened?

The whole story is in this wise: The Convention provided by the last usurping Legislature to frame a Constitution, and ask admission into the Union as a State, have completed such an instrument, establishing the slave system, and giving no opportunity for the decision of the people on the same. With this Constitution they hope to get into the Union before the Legislature lately chosen by the people can come into power; and, to hasten the setting up of a State Government, this Convention have instituted by a sort of *coup d'état* another usurpation which they call a "*Provisional Government*," to which they give full power in the direction of State organization, so that the people may be prevented from taking the control of that. Will the people submit to such an astounding wrong as this? Will it be sustained by the Federal power? Even if it is so sustained, will the people submit without any resistance? I hesitate not to say with confidence, this: The down-trodden people of Kansas will soon come out of their house of bondage and into the peaceable possession of their rights, or they will fly to arms. With the prestige of their recent victory at the polls, and the knowledge that their majority is yet greater than was indicated by that vote, they are ready to defy not only the usurping minority and their ruffianly abettors, but will not even mind a few regiments of United States dragoons. In the event of being confronted by an overwhelming force of the national troops in aid of their oppressors, you may depend upon it that the language of many a heart will be, as the injuries and indignities to which they have been subjected for the last thirty months rise to mind, "Give me liberty or give me death." Our fervent prayer is that the good Providence may avert this terrible alternative. But just this He may see to be necessary—the only medicine that can cure our nation of its mad iniquity, and bring us back to a sense of justice and decency. E. N.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR will be opened on MONDAY EVENING, the 7th of DECEMBER, at CLINTON HALL, MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDINGS, ASTOR PLACE, at 7 o'clock, and will continue open the two following days.

As but a single day—Monday, the 7th—can be used for the preparation of the Hall, and the arrangement of the Tables, the Committee earnestly request all persons intending to offer articles for the Fair to send them to Clinton Hall, *before* noon, on Monday, the 7th of Dec. And this request is made to friends out of town, as well as in town, who forward their contributions on that day. It is very desirable, however, that friends not resident in the city should send forward their articles at an earlier day, that the Committee may have some understanding as to the quantity and character of the goods to be offered.

To friends in the country the Committee desire particularly to say, that their contributions cannot come in a more desirable and profitable shape than in the produce of their farms. In such times as these there are many persons who will, no doubt, gladly become purchasers, at the Fair, of the necessaries of life, who have not the means for any outlay for the mere gratification of their taste, or the appliances of luxury. These persons the Committee will be glad to supply, and they hope to have it in their power to offer for sale produce of all sorts which housekeepers lay in for winter stores. But they must depend upon their country friends for these, and they, therefore, urge them to give liberally of their abundance, and to remember that their ability to do so is far greater than that of friends in town who are much more affected by the depressing influences of the times, and, therefore, greatly crippled in their resources. This suggestion, it is hoped, will be sufficient to awaken the friends out of town to the fact of how much it depends upon them whether the result of this first Fair, held in New York, under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, shall be hopeful and cheering or otherwise.

All Produce, Goods, or articles of any sort, that can be bought and sold, and that minister to the necessities or luxuries of life, if forwarded before the 7th of December, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street, New York; if on that day to Clinton Hall.

LECTURES.

IT gives us great pleasure to announce that two of the Lecturing Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and AARON M. POWELL, are now in this vicinity, with the purpose of holding meetings in the Counties about New York, and the nearest points in New Jersey where it shall seem possible to awaken an interest in the anti-slavery cause. Such an announcement, we trust, will meet with a cordial response from the friends and members of the Society scattered about in this section of the country, and that they will evince their hearty co-operation in this measure by, at once, making arrangements to secure the presence of these lecturers in their own neighbourhood, to procure suitable places for their meetings, and arouse such expectation and interest in their coming as shall ensure them a hearty welcome, and a thorough awakening of the whole community. The times, it is thought, are exceedingly propitious for such an enterprise. The result of the late Presidential election; the aggressions of the Slave Power within the last year or two, and those which are now proposed, and hurried on in so despotic, unscrupulous and insolent a spirit, have opened the minds of, at least, a portion of the people to conviction; and the general stagnation of business throughout the country has given leisure to listen to, and reflect upon considerations addressed to their sober judgment and conscience.

The lecturers above-named will be assisted in these meetings, from time to time, by REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, LUCY STONE, ROWLAND JOHNSON, and the editors of this paper, whenever convenience of access, and their other avocations and duties shall render it possible. There may also be occasional opportunities of pressing into the service other speakers who may casually be in this neighbourhood, which will be taken advantage of.

We earnestly appeal to all our readers in Eastern New Jersey, and in the Counties of this State bordering upon New York, and between this city and Albany to communicate as early as possible with the editors of THE STANDARD in relation to time, place, &c., which will best suit their convenience, and that of their neighbourhood, that the plan of the campaign may at once be perfected.

NOTICE TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

WE take the liberty of reminding those who have unpaid pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society that their payment at this time would be exceedingly welcome, as funds are greatly needed. The financial pressure bears as hard upon us as upon other people, while our resources are fewer, and the Society is compelled, therefore, even more unreservedly than usual, to throw itself upon the generosity of its friends. It solicits not merely the payment of pledges already made, but new donations.

Funds may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York, according to the convenience of location.

We also urge upon subscribers to this paper a prompt payment, as absolutely necessary, of bills recently issued. We are urgent upon this point because printers, paper-makers and pressmen cannot work without pay, and because we have the right to make the most pressing demand, even in such times, for the immediate payment of sums, small to the individual, though large in the aggregate, many of which have long been due. Remittances may be made either in coin, post-office orders, or New York bank bills, and should be sent to this office.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Twenty-second Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair will be opened in the large saloon of the Assembly Buildings, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, the 15th of December, and will continue open during the following three days.

The usual assortment of useful and fancy articles will be offered for sale, comprising beautiful varieties of Children's Clothing, Ladies' Shawls, Nubias, etc., Honiton Lace, and Worsted Embroidery, in various styles.

Also, some beautiful specimens of *Objects de Paris*, and other articles of artistic workmanship, from Paris.

A few pieces of Sevres China. Paper-weights, and paper-folders, of rare and choice woods. Candlesticks, Sablieres, and other articles, in Bronze, Bohemian Glass, and French China.

Beautiful collections of English Lithographs, German Coloured Engravings, Sea-Mosses, and Ferns.

The profits of the Fair will be faithfully and carefully appropriated to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery principles, by means of tracts, newspapers, lectures, etc. The pecuniary embarrassment of the present time, shared by all benevolent associations, is severely felt by the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, making it necessary to urge the claims of this Fair upon its friends and the public generally. By the purchase, at the tables of the Fair, of articles which must be procured at this season, substantial aid may be given to the Anti-Slavery cause, without even an extra outlay of money; and, in the bestowal of charity, there is no class of sufferers who have a stronger claim upon our citizens, than the American slave.

Admission Fee, 13 cents. Season Ticket, 25 cents.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.

IT affords us pleasure to perceive that a new and vigorous effort is to be made to procure the removal of Edward Greeley Loring, the Burns kidnapper, from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, Mass.—a place which he holds in open defiance of a law of the State. Twice has the Legislature besought Gov. Gardner to remove him, but that functionary has disregarded the voice of the people. On the first of January the new Governor, N. P. Banks, will be inaugurated, and a new Legislature will convene, and it is believed that if the petitioners for removal shall be numerous enough to show that the people of Massachusetts still desire it, there will be no serious obstacle to the consummation of the measure.

The following form of petition has been prepared for circulation, and we entreat our friends in Massachusetts to lose no time in procuring signatures, as it is necessary that the voice of the people should reach the Legislature at as early a period in January as practicable.

To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of this Commonwealth, respectfully represent—that by a law passed May 21, 1855, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, it was declared—

"No person who holds any office under the laws of the United States, which qualifies him to issue any warrant or other process, or to grant any certificate under the Acts of Congress named in the 9th Section of this Act, or to serve the same, shall, at the same time, hold any office of honour, trust or emolument under the laws of this Commonwealth."

Your petitioners further represent—That in open defiance of this law, and of the voice of the people of Massachusetts, as expressed (without distinction of party) by the action of two separate Legislatures for his removal, but twice rendered inoperative by Executive non-concurrence, Edward Greeley Loring continues to hold the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, while acting as a Commissioner of the United States; thus setting an example of contumacy unbecoming a good citizen, and wantonly disregarding the moral convictions of the people of this State as pertaining to the enforcement of the odious Fugitive Slave bill:

They, therefore, earnestly pray the General Court again to recommend to the Governor and Council, the removal of the said Edward Greeley Loring from the office of Judge of Probate; and thus enforce a wholesome law of the Commonwealth, which it is his declared purpose to disregard, and thereby vindicate the sovereignty of the people of this Commonwealth.

DOUGH.

IT does not often come in our way, in the columns of this paper, to give any opinion upon the subject of political economy, but if we have it has been to express a very decided hostility to all Tariffs, and a preference, both from principle and expediency, to entire Free Trade. But the older we grow the more we become convinced of the truth of the axiom, that there is no general rule without its exceptions, and now, at last, we have come even to modify our political faith in the matter of Tariffs. There is one article of importation the introduction of which we should be glad to see abated by absolute protection; for *duty*, it is clear, is not the slightest restraint upon it. We mean Distinguished Foreigners.

The time was when such persons came among us, and brought their own eyes with them. If they found us somewhat nasty in the peculiar national habit of voiding our spit on all occasions, in all places, and in almost incredible quantities, they said so. If they saw the sills of the lower windows of the fashionable city hotels garnished with a large display of boot-soles, apparently on human feet, though the heads to which such feet might belong were not always visible, they made a note of so curious a phenomenon. If they observed that in the universal hurry of the people it was not uncommon to blow up, on a steamboat, or smash up, on a railroad, a few hundred men, women and children at not infrequent intervals, they would speculate upon the problem—whether it would not be better to arrive an hour or two later at a journey's end, in a whole skin, and at a fair price, rather than to have one's remains—literally *remains*, say a part of the trunk, the brain-pan and a leg—returned to one's disconsolate friends, or else to go for the rest of one's life either with an empty sleeve to the coat, or hobbling upon crutches. If they chanced to find a slave-pen almost within the shadow of the walls of the National Capitol, and within reach of the voices of those magnificent orators, in both Houses of Congress, who "witch the world" with such stirring appeals to the Star-Spangled Banner, the Goddess of Liberty, and that noble bird of freedom, the American Eagle, they commented upon such a concatenation accordingly. And if they saw mounted upon an auction-block, in front of the United States Post-Office at Charleston, or the United States Custom-House at New Orleans, and offered for sale to the highest bidders, families to be sold separately or together, women warranted as excellent breeders, or young girls commended as "fancy articles," they noted such scenes in their journals with a sharp-pointed pen, and as suggestive facts in a great Republic, in the nineteenth century of the Christian Religion. In short, they brought with them the culture, the religion, the morality, or, if you will, the prejudices, they had imbibed in the Old World, to the New, and took our measure in accordance with these, rather than by some new standard which we had chosen to set up for ourselves. At all events we had, whether correct or not, their honest opinions and judgment, and received, without asking for it, the "giftie" the bard prayed for, of "seeing ourselves as others see us."

This race of tourists went out with Miss Martineau and Dickens. As to all who have followed them—whether our boast be true or not that we can "lick all creation," we have certainly "licked" *these* into looking at us only in that sublime way suggested by Niagara Falls, the Mississippi River, the Great Lakes, and the Grand Prairie. Bowie-knives, revolvers, slave whips, coffles, human shambles, railroad and steamboat slaughters, spit, brag, ill-manners, brutality, cruelty, and other little peculiarities which the early tourists noted as our distinguishing traits as a people, either in whole or in part, their later followers hold to be merely the playful extravagancies of a young giant, or else modestly avow their inability, in their ignorance of our circumstances, to decide upon the merit or demerit of these several peculiar institutions.

As we have, for our own part, some pretty decided opinions on several—not to say, all—of these national traits, our patience is well nigh exhausted with all foreign tourists who come among us. When they come as private citizens, and keep their observations to themselves or only publish them for the edification of their private circle, we have nothing to do with them. But when they are heralded as public men who are expected to make known to the world the result of their impressions of American Institutions, we devoutly repeat an aspiration of our Litany—From Distinguished Foreigners Good Lord deliver us! They shut the eyes of their moral sense the moment they open their natural eyes upon Sandy Hook, or Boston Light. They pack away at the first hotel they stop at, among other useless baggage, the best part of their trunks—the spinal column. They lay down, on their first introduction to a public assembly, the manly independence which may have distinguished them at home, as an impertinent qualification among the Democrats of a Republic. Father Mathew, the eloquent and fearless advocate of an unpopular cause at home, and who, in Ireland, exhorted his countrymen in the United States to set their faces as a flint against American Slavery, ignored his own exhortation the moment he became an Irishman in America. Gov. Kossuth, who abolished slavery in Hungary and sacrificed all but his honour for the liberty of his country, prepared on his way hither an address to the people of the United States, in which he distinctly repudiated all aid to the cause of Freedom abroad from those of our

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent bewaileth his jejunity—He telleth of the times—And commendeth Bankruptcy—His opinions on Credit and on Corporations—He is politico-economical—His account of Messrs. Lawrence and Stone's troubles—He rejoiceth in a jolly row—And what it is—Nomination of Mr. S. A. Eliot for Mayor—Republican excuses for the same—Other candidates—His opinion on things in general and Dr. Mackay's lectures in particular, &c., &c.. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 30th, 1857.

"I WISH I had something to tell you that you would like to hear. But I have not. I have been waiting for a week longer than usual in the Micawberish hope that "something would turn up." But nothing has. We have had hardly any failures even to talk about. The stoppage of payment by the banks has given a reprieve even to those that are left for inevitable execution. The custom of paying one's debts having grown generally obsolete, there is no occasion for making any ado about any particular instances of complying with so excellent a reform. Several of the best, or at least the largest, houses here having set the example of declining to pay their notes and acceptances at maturity, and having influence or power enough to make it necessary for their debtors to take renewals instead of cash in satisfaction of their dues, of course, all the smaller fry followed in their wake. The minnows of trade thought they could not do amiss in following the example of the whales. In fact, there are days when the debtors flourish and exalt their horns above their poor creditors. The usurious quality of many of the moneyed transactions of the last six months has put the lenders at the mercy of the borrowers in multitudes of cases, so that they are compelled to grant whatever terms are asked. Some very queer stories are told of operations in the street—for which I by no means vouch. For instance, it is said that men who have demanded extensions and renewed their notes at six months have brokers ready to shave the same at street rates as soon as their unlucky creditor tries to raise money on them! So, the worse their credit, the better business they do. It were a neat operation, if true—which, very likely, it is not.

But as to credit, it is what very few of us have to dispose of. It is a very unsaleable article, and buyers higgle over it and cheapen it till its value well-nigh disappears altogether. In fact, nobody can tell how much his best reputed neighbour really has on hand. Many persons who had invested their capital, or only a prudent portion of it, in new manufacturing corporations, especially those at Lawrence, find that they are responsible for debts sufficient to swamp all they have or ever had in the world. You see, after the manufacturing troubles of near thirty years ago, which arose from this very personal liability, the law was altered and the liability of individual corporators released in case a full statement of the affairs of the company were made at certain fixed intervals, in the public papers. Accordingly, at these stated periods, you will find in some Lowell or Lawrence paper, seen, perhaps, by five hundred people, these statements in satisfaction of the statute. But the law, further, very properly, declares that all the members of a company shall be liable for all the debts, if it goes into operation before the entire capital is paid in. After the capital is fully paid in, creditors know exactly what they have to look to for their security, and, if they keep themselves posted up, may guard themselves from losses. But before it is paid in, they have to give trust on the credit of the shareholders, who have begun operations, only, and it is no more than fair that these should make them good. But it has worked very hardly for many persons of affluent, and more of moderate, circumstances, who find themselves suddenly overwhelmed with a burden of debt of the existence of which they were ignorant till it crushed them.

The corporations which are the worst off in this particular are the Bay State Mills, the Pemberton Mills and the Pacific Mills. The shareholders are to have no quarter shown to them, I suppose, as last week, it is said, a Sheriff's officer was put into the house in Beaver street, equivalent to Fifth Avenue, of one of our most substantially rich men, for the purpose of settling in the speediest manner possible some question as to individual liability in some of those companies. A painful quality was given to the gossip of the town, last week, by rumours as to the conduct of Messrs. Lawrence and Stone of your city and this, in the matter of the Bay State Mills. The senior partner, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, being Treasurer of the Company, and his house its agents, it was said that he had used the paper of the Company to a large extent to support that of his firm. Many other reports were flying all abroad on the subject; but, I imagine, they will settle down to nothing worse than this. This is bad enough, I suppose; but if, as is unquestionable, he had used the indorsement of his firm, or his own, to strengthen the paper of the corporation, when it was worth more in the market, it is not wonderful that he should have thought himself entitled to use theirs when it was better than his. Their interests were so identical that he might receive some grains of allowance for acting as if their existences were so. He is the last surviving brother of the Lawrence family, so well known throughout the country, in business and in politics, and one of whom, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, was so oddly cheated out of being President of the United States, in Mr. Fillmore's stead, by the persistency of *Henry Wilson* and *Charles Allen* in maintaining the claims of Mr. WEBSTER for the office of President, as against General Taylor! "We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be."

We are having a jolly row here about our Mayoralty, as well as you. Not that we can point to any luminary like your Fernando I. as illuminating the pages of our Municipal history. We have had a Bigelow, to be sure, and a Smith, who, in certain great crises, such as sending Sims and Burns back to their respective masters, did as well as perhaps even your own Chief Magistrate could have done. But even they fell far short, in other particulars, of that pinnacle of glory on which he stands. A Mr. Rice, a dealer in paper (I mean, literally, and not *shavingly*), has answered our purposes for a couple of years. I cannot say how he would have sustained himself in the emergencies to which his two immediate predecessors were subjected; but I presume he has done well enough, as I have scarcely ever heard his name mentioned, and did not even know him by sight until last week. But as he finds the claims of paper too powerful for the reclamations of public duty, *he* positively declines a renomination. Some people say that hungry aspirants after the place, which is not a bad one, now the salary is raised to $4,000, thought he had had it long enough, and procured his retirement. Be this as it may, all parties were much put to it to get a suitable successor. An attempt was made to unite all the parties on some candidate, selected irrespective of party affinities, merely on the ground of fitness for the place. So the Know-Nothings, Republicans, Democrats and, what in old Noll's time they would have called, the *rump* of the Whigs, met in council to consider who should reign over us. They fought long and well, for, while each party wished party ties to be passed by on this occasion, everybody wished that this Self-Denying Ordinance should be enforced for the benefit of that to which they belonged. After many struggles, the choice fell on the Hon. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, whose fitness for the place was sufficient, but whose sole vote, of all Massachusetts, for the Fugitive Slave Bill in Congress made his nomination one "not fit to be made," under any existing circumstances.

The Republicans, when rebuked for the part they had taken in this nomination, defended themselves by averring that they did it on the principle that more joy is due over a repentant sinner than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. They affirmed that Mr. Eliot was sincerely penitent for his vote on that occasion, and had declared that he wished it were to do over again, that he might vote the other way. They said he could not have got the nomination had not this statement been verified; moreover, that he had been a warm and liberal friend of Kansas, and, to conclude, that he was a member of the Republican party and had proved his faith by his works in voting for Mr. Banks. But it was said, on the other hand, that as Mr. Eliot's action was public, his recantation should be public, too, in order to entitle him to its benefit; and that, until this was done, and after, too, it was the duty of the North to refuse to put any confidence in any man who had done such a thing, and "to forget him," as Massachusetts had forgotten Mr. Mason and Mr. Shaw, for their votes on the Missouri Compromise. However, as Mr. Eliot refused the nomination, for private and personal reasons, the discussion of that matter soon dropped and the curiosity of the public turned to see who was to be nominated in his stead. After many vain attempts, a Mr. Charles B. Hall was selected. As I never heard his name before, I can hope he has nothing very bad about him. But other people, it seems, have heard of him, and, this morning, *The Post* comes out accusing him of being a Black Republican, and intimating that the nomination was unfairly obtained, and that a Democratic nomination must be made. And, on the other hand, I see a Call for a Meeting to-night, signed by the chiefest of the Whig Hunkers, which I take to be the premonitory crook to another split. So, I suppose, the row will grow jollier and jollier as it goes along. In my next letter you shall know all about it.

There is no particular sign on the face of things—always excepting the signs of Alarming Sacrifices in the shops windows—that this winter is to be very different from the average. People go to lectures, and, as there are four theatres advertising every day, I suppose they must go to theatres, also. The demand for lectures, however, is much fallen off from what it used to be, and the New Professors will have a vacation, many of them, this year. I had the pleasure of attending the short course of Mr. Charles Mackay—though not addicted to the vice—on songs and song-writers, and can cordially endorse the commendation of them you copied from some correspondent of *The Tribune* here. The Charities of the City were never so well organized or furnished as they are this winter, and the inevitable sufferings of the poor will be mitigated as much as can be done. Indeed, I imagine the sturdy beggars will never have had so easy a winter as they will this. The weight of the suffering will fall on the industrious and worthy who are thrown out of employment, and who, though willing and able to work, are ashamed to beg. May God help them, poor things, and man, too!

D. Y.

ACQUISITION OF CUBA.—Some time since, the Washington correspondent of *The Times* asserted that the Administration designed to send August Belmont, late Minister at the Hague, to Madrid, to push the scheme for the purchase and annexation of Cuba. The statement was discredited in some quarters, but the correspondent aforesaid, under date of Nov. 30, says:

"Notwithstanding the very positive denials of my statement that August Belmont is designed by the President for the mission at Madrid, I repeat the assertion, leaving to time to vindicate its accuracy. I am well aware that the Executive has not announced the fact; nevertheless, he is engaged in efforts to clear the way for Mr. Belmont's nomination. 'In order to accomplish great measures I must have the appropriate instruments,' said Mr. Buchanan some time since, referring to Belmont in connection with the desired acquisition of Cuba."

In *The Herald* of Tuesday, the Washington correspondent of that paper says:

"The Cuban question is likely to be urged by both wings of the Kansas party—the opponents to the Convention and its advocates urging the acquisition of that important island. The Administration alone has the power to act in the premises."

We know that the statements of Washington letter-writers are not always reliable, but we have never found the correspondents of such papers as those above quoted any too fast in their announcements of projects for the extension and perpetuity of slavery. We have little doubt that Cuba will be either bought or stolen before the close of Buchanan's administration, and its ponderous weight added to the mill-stone which, by the cord of the Union, has been so long tugging at the neck of the North.

Two Methodist ministers in North Carolina, Messrs. Edwards and Rosser, have been "disciplined" for indulgence in the game of ten-pins at the Virginia Springs last Summer. They pleaded guilty, expressed regret for the act, stated that they were not conscious of intention to do wrong, and promised not to do so any more. The Conference which tried them, in session at Elizabeth City, accepted the acknowledgment, and permitted them to continue their functions.

This paragraph, which is going the rounds of the press, affords a striking illustration of the spurious Christianity of the South, whose devotees, like the Pharisees of old, "strain out a gnat and swallow a camel." Think of a Church which interposes no objection to the breeding, holding and selling of slaves by its members, and yet arraigns its ministers and threatens to deprive them of their credentials if they "indulge in the game of ten-pins!" What a contrast between the action of the Church in the case of these two clergymen and that taken in the case of Col. Netherland, who had cruelly tortured two helpless slaves! Thus do American Christians, like the Jews in the time of Christ, "pay tithes of mint, anise and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law."

MISS FRANCES WATKINS.—This faithful and eloquent advocate of the cause has returned from Vermont, where she has been at work, with great success, for the last three months, to Pennsylvania with the view of resuming there, without loss of time, her labours as an anti-slavery lecturer. A desire has been expressed by Abolitionists in the interior of the State, that the cause there might have the benefit of her services, and we understand it is the intention of the Executive Committee to do what they can to have this wish gratified. Miss Watkins will probably visit, at an early period, the Counties of York, Adams and Dauphin, and if nothing should interfere to prevent, will, perhaps, extend her tour to Huntington, Centre, Lycoming, Northumberland, and other Counties along the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers. Miss Watkins is an interesting lady and an able advocate of the anti-slavery cause, and we can well understand the desire which is so generally felt by Abolitionists to have the benefit of her services.

From The Chester County (Pa.) Times.

"GONE HOME."

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF AMOS PRESTON.

LIKE the leaves of autumn falling
On the green earth's naked breast;
Like the sunlight slowly fading
Through the portals of the west,
Thou hast left us—in the glory
Of thy calmly setting sun;
Just as winter, grim and hoary,
Put his regal garments on.

Not again our souls shall gladden
At the music of thy voice;
Not again thy cheerful presence
Bid the drooping hearts rejoice;
But we feel amid our sorrow,
Deep and poignant though it be,
While to us may come no morrow,
Death can never come to thee.

Through the summer—through the autumn,
Thou had'st waited for "the sign";
Stood as did the olden Prophet,
At the spirit's inner shrine:
But so stormless was the passage,
And so calm the landing home,
That while Hope her banner lifted,
Came the message "he is gone."

Gone! thy deeds have not departed;
Gone! thy lamp is burning still,
Shedding rays of light effulgent,
On our pathway dark and chill.
Still thy words shall be remembered;
Still thy blameless life shall be
As a landmark for our footsteps,
As a light-house in the sea.

Where the crystal fountains sparkle
'Neath the glow of brighter skies,
Where the songs of saint and seraph,
Through the Father's Temple rise.
There, thy voice has joined the chorus;
And thy soul, unused to fear,
Free'd from earthly limitations,
Humbly fills its wider sphere.

When from morning's star-gemmed forehead
Floats the life-refreshing breeze;
When the purple clouds are swimming
In the sunset's golden seas,
We shall miss thee—but our sorrow,
Spotless robes of Faith shall wear;
When the spirit, turning inward,
Feels thy holy presence there.

As the wonder-stricken traveller,
Through the Alpine passes low,
Sees upon his right the flowers,
On his left the drifting snow:
So, though stern affliction's tempest
Leaves a bitter wreck behind,
Visions from thy golden morning
Float above the sea of mind.

In the long and weary struggle
Of the weak against the strong,
Where a few unflinching spirits
Boldly stem the tide of wrong,
When the fearful contest deepens,
Who shall speak the fitting word?
Since thy heart has ceased its beatings,
And thy voice no more is heard.

Oh! through death's unbroken silence
Send those cheering tones again!
Till the inward ear suspended
Hears the deep prophetic strains;
In the strength of new-found powers,
Wilt thou not still lead the way,
And the victory shall be ours
Sooner, for the brief delay.

Though above the grave no marble
Echoes back thy earthly fame:
Though the world may burn no incense
On the altar of thy name;
Love and Truth shall keep their vigils
Where thy good deeds have been sown,
Till the hands of unborn millions
Proudly bear the *Harvest home*.

A. F. K.

OREGON.—The Washington correspondent of *The* (Richmond) *South*, under date of Nov. 25, says:

"The opinion is advocated here, in high quarters, that, notwithstanding the constitutional provisions, slavery will be introduced by the Oregon Legislature in that country, as great complaints exist among the people on account of the extreme scarcity of domestic labour there; while no doubt is entertained but that the labour of the African, which in the Atlantic country, it is thought, can only be employed profitably in producing some one of the three crops of cotton, rice or tobacco, might in Oregon and in our Pacific territory be applied with great advantage to the grain crops, on account of the productiveness of the lands. In Oregon it is so impossible now to obtain white domestics, that families with tens and indeed hundreds of thousands of dollars, are said to be compelled to do the most menial housework with their own hands. To supply this necessity, however, but a small importation of slaves would suffice; and it is easy to see that slavery can never be established to such an extent as to become a governing interest in our Pacific territory until immigration (which has greatly diminished to the Pacific coast, and to Oregon especially) has created a larger market for the grain and other crops, which are raised only for domestic consumption, there being no available market for the surplus production."

Summary.

THE SIAMESE TWINS OUTDONE.—The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* says two little negroes joined, back to back, are on exhibition in that place.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says that the Hon. Nathan Clifford, of Maine, will be nominated by the President as Judge of the Supreme Court in place of Judge Curtis.

SLAVES HELD IN IOWA.—The Fairfield (Iowa) *Ledger* is informed, on good authority, that a Missouri slaveholder has removed to Warren County, in that State, and brought with him five or six slaves whom he claims a right to keep and work on the free soil of Iowa, under the Dred Scott decision.

A maiden lady in Westport, Mass., who is possessed of considerable real estate, on being called upon to pay her highway tax for the present year, claimed an equal privilege with the lords of creation, of working it out upon the highway, and actually appeared with hoe in hand and discharged her duty to the satisfaction of the Surveyor.

It is not improbable that General Joseph Lane will be commissioned to proceed to California and conduct the war against the Mormons. Near two millions of dollars will have been expended on the expedition. They have two thousand men, fifteen hundred wagons and thirteen thousand animals, and more quartermasters than the English had in their Crimean expedition.—*Wash. Cor. Herald.*

AN ELECTION INCIDENT.—A friend who was in the backwoods, somewhere in Richland County, on election day, tells an amusing illustration of "Democratic" intelligence. One of the unterrified walked up to the polls with a "straight ticket," which was all right, until he came to "For Extension of Suffrage. No?—when he exclaimed, "D——n the niggers! I don't care how much they suffer," and tearing off the "No" handed the ticket in.—*Milwaukee Wis.*

Mr. Bildad Jones, mate of the Connecticut River schooner Sally Anne, walked aft, and addressed the captain: "Captain Spuner, if you keep the skuner on this course, you'll have her hard aground on them flats." Whereto the captain: "Mr. Mate, you jest go forward and 'tend your part of the skuner, and I'll tend to mine." Bildad went forward, let go the anchor, walked aft, and reported: "Captain Spuner, my part of the skuner is at anchor."

A curious will case is pending in Dallas County, Ala., Ephraim Pool, last summer, died after a short illness, but procured the services of a friend to draw his will. By that instrument he bequeathed a fortune of $60,000 to two mulatto women and their children, his own offspring, and gave the drawer of the will a negro for his trouble, beside making him sole trustee, with direction to send these slaves to a free State. The heirs of Pool contest the will on the ground that he was of unsound mind. No decision yet.

THE MORMONS PREPARING FOR REBELLION.—A correspondent of a Western paper, in speaking of the Mormons, says:

"I have information from a source which will not admit of a doubt, that the Mormons who have recently left California, took with them nearly eight tuns of powder and lead, also a ton of revolvers, all of which had been purchased from time to time in that State, and taken quietly over to Carson Valley during the last six months."

WHAT AN OLD HUSBAND IS WORTH.—In the Circuit Court of Bedford County, Va., last week, Miss Elmira W. Wingfield obtained a verdict of $27,000 damages from Wm. Stein, for breach of marriage contract. The lady is about thirty-four years of age, and the gentleman eighty. This was a second trial of the case; a former jury having given a verdict of $650 for the plaintiff, which was set aside on motion of the defendant.—*Harrisburg* (*Pa.*) *Telegraph, Nov.* 18.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The Syracuse *Journal* of Thursday says, thirty-one passengers by this road have arrived at that city the present month, and have been provided for. Two arrived on Wednesday evening. One of them as white as anybody, and nobody could suspect his African descent. He was from Columbia, South Carolina. He fled from a master who owned eight hundred slaves, because his sister was whipped to death by him. The other was a native of Alabama, who had been sold to Virginia, where he escaped.

GENERAL WALKER.—Tuesday, Nov. 17, says the New Orleans *Bulletin*, was the day fixed for the appearance of Gen. Walker before Judge McCabe, of the United States District Court, to answer the charge of having on foot a hostile expedition against Costa Rica and Nicaragua. The case was duly called, but as there was no response the General's bail-bond (signed by Col. Slatter) was, as a matter of course, ordered to be forfeited. Mr. Slatter and Mr. Soule both appeared—Mr. Soule offering himself as Gen. Walker's representative. Friday week was appointed by the Court to hear Mr. Soule on the subject.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his article—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? they want to be off, and you want them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlour or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, backs them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost into their native element of out-doors."

DOUGLAS VERSUS DOUGLASS.—The coloured men of Chicago, so roundly berated by the Illinois Douglas in his low-flung harangue, have taken up cudgels in their own behalf, and, in a series of resolutions call upon him to accept a challenge from their champion, the New York Douglass, for the discussion of the points at issue between them. Their resolves are very pointed and explicit, and will attract attention, if they do not bring about the proposed oratorical duello. We are anxious that the combat should come off. The parties are well matched, though our Douglas has the advantage in being the most mendacious; they are both familiar with the subject, and are both ambitious of popular applause. When will they begin?—*Chicago Tribune.*

CASE OF TRANSFUSION.—The delicate and interesting operation of transfusing blood from one person to another has again been successfully performed by Mr. S. Wheatcroft, surgeon, of Cannock, assisted by Mr. J. Blackford and Mr. Samuel Wheatcroft. The patient was Mrs. Benton, of Cannock. When apparently expiring from loss of blood, about 2 pounds of blood was transfused from the veins of her husband into her veins, with the happiest result. In a few minutes after the current of blood began to flow, and the ebbing of life was checked, the circulation being re-established, and deliverance from apparently certain and approaching dissolution secured. The operation was performed on the 20th ultimo. Mr. Wheatcroft suggests the trial of this operation in the last stage of low typhus and the collapse of Asiatic cholera, when all other means have failed.—*Wolverhampton* (*Eng.*) *Chronicle.*

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.—By the Constitution just formed in Oregon, no negro, Chinaman, or mulatto, will ever be permitted to have the right of suffrage. With reference to slavery, it is provided, that at the time of the voting for the adoption of the Constitution, each voter shall be asked if he is in favour of, or opposed to slavery, and his vote shall be recorded accordingly. If a majority vote in favour of slavery, it becomes legalized in the State of Oregon. If the majority is against it, a clause is inserted in the Constitution prohibiting it. At the same time the voters are asked if they are in favour of free negroes. If they vote "yes," then such persons are allowed to come into the State. If "no," their immigration into Oregon is prohibited.

It appears that the question of slavery or no slavery had much to do in the recent contest for Congressional delegate in the Territory of New Mexico, and that by the election of Mr. Otero the slavery party triumphed. A letter-writer to the Richmond *Enquirer* says: "New Mexico is bound to be a slave State."—*Salem Gazette.*

REPLEVIN SUIT—A WIFE RECOVERING PROPERTY SOLD BY A HUSBAND WHILE DRUNK.—A suit was tried before Justice Lane on Monday which involved the rights of a husband and wife in the matter of holding or disposing of property. The suit was brought by Mrs. Hunt against an auctioneer named John Seeley to recover some property which the latter bought of her husband, while he was under the influence of liquor, for very much less than its real value. The goods were replevined, and a suit for trespass brought against the auctioneer, in both cases a judgment being rendered in favour of the woman. The lawyer and constable fees were presented to the complainant by the officials entitled to them.

This principle is involved in the Revised Statutes, page 377, section 26, subdivision 9, but is not generally understood. If wives were aware of the fact that their property cannot be sold by drunken husbands, and carried off in spite of their remonstrances by sharpers, there would be less suffering on their part. The consent of the wife is necessary to a sale of property by the husband. In this case the wife recovered the whole property back, and threw the costs of the suit upon the auctioneer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. MOTT'S LECTURE.—A very large audience assembled on Thursday evening, at the Odd Fellows' Hall, and gave most respectful and interested attention to an admirable discourse from Mrs. Lucretia Mott. This lady, as is well-known, is a preacher in the Society of Friends, and desiring to address the people of Columbia, the Hall was selected as better calculated to accommodate the many who would flock to hear her than the Quaker meeting-house in Cherry street. Although in some respects Mrs. Mott's address came in direct conflict with the opinions and prejudices of many of her hearers, we believe that satisfaction was the prevailing feeling amongst the audience. For ourselves, we heard again with unfeigned pleasure one to whose sermons we formerly listened with admiration and satisfaction. Mrs. Mott is an eloquent, earnest woman; and even the bitterest opponent of her ultra views, must admit her conscientiousness and piety. We have seen the day when she could not have found an audience in a public hall, in Columbia, that would not have interfered to prevent the expression of unpopular sentiments and views. It would be no compliment to those assembled last night to say that they were most orderly and attentive; we expected nothing else.—*Columbia* (*Pa.*) *Spy, Oct.* 31.

GOOD OLD ADVICE.—Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, wrote a letter to his neighbours in 1786 in relation to the hard times, which reads as though it might have been written this morning. It concludes as follows:

"Never buy any useless clothing. Keep a good suit for Sundays and other public days, but let your common wearing apparel be good substantial clothes and linen of your own manufacture. Let your wives and daughters lay aside their plumes. Feathers and fripperies suit the Cherokees or the wench in your kitchen, but they little become the fair daughters of America; out of the dry goods imported you may save £50,000 a year. These savings amount to £150,000 a year, more than enough to pay the interest of our public debts. My countrymen, I am not trifling with you. I am serious; you feel the facts I state; you know you are poor, and ought to know the fault is all your own. Are you not satisfied with the food and drink which this country affords? the beef, the pork, the wheat, the corn, the butter, the cheese, the cider, the beer, those luxuries which are heaped in profusion upon your tables? If not, you must expect to be poor. In vain do you wish for mines of gold and silver; a mine would be the greatest curse that could befall this country. There is gold and silver enough in the world, and if you have not enough of it, it is because you consume all you earn in useless food and drink. In vain do you wish to increase the quantity of cash by a mint or by paper emissions. Should it rain millions of joes into your chimneys, on your present system of expenses, you would still have no money. It would *leave the country in streams.* Trifle not with serious subjects or spend your breath in empty wishes. Reform, economize; this is the whole of your political duty. You may reason, speculate, complain, raise mobs, spend life in railing at Congress and your rulers, but unless you import less than you export—unless you spend less than you earn—you will eternally be poor."

In the Wood ratification meeting at Tammany Hall, a few nights since, a Mr. Michael Doheny was introduced, and held up for the admiration of the Democracy "a cane that had been presented to Preston S. Brooks by the people of South Carolina, soon after he had whipped the libeller of the South." Of course the Democracy cheered vociferously. The cane belonged to Banks, the editor of the South Side (Va.) *Democrat.* Now, this fellow Banks, who thus sports a Brooks cane, was well whipped a few months since by the Virginia correspondent of the New York *Herald.* Why don't he show the cane with which the operation was performed? Doheny, who held the cane up for the admiration of the crowd, was the principal speaker at the Sepoy sympathy meeting in New York, about the time that the news of the butchery of babies by the Sepoys was captivating the fancies of such patriots as himself. He was the man to hold up the Brooks cane. He should have beaten a British baby to death with it for the edification of the meeting.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE WAY WALKER GOT OFF.—It was very singular that the sharp Custom-House eyes which watched the fillibuster steamer "Fashion," Capt. Caughlin, did not notice what a wonderful pile of coal she had aboard. Apparently it was a pile of coal, and nothing more; but, if they had "looked into the matter," they might have found that a portion of it was constituted of articles of rather a strange character to be found in the freight of a vessel bound on a harmless coasting voyage. Their eyes should have been upon her up to the time that she cast off from the Levee at 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and they might have observed a remarkable and altogether unaccountable increase of the number of her company. They would have noticed among them the artillery and medical staff of the Nicaraguan army, for they left the Levee on the steamer "Fashion," at 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning, under the very sharp eyes of the Custom-House and this reporter, who thought he wouldn't tell the Custom-House about it, but left it to them to find out. It was very wrong not to tell Custom-House, but really we couldn't do it.—*New Orleans True Delta.*

A KIDNAPPING CASE—AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE TO LIBERTY.—A coloured woman named Emily Meda was brought before the Police Court yesterday on a charge of kidnapping a mulatto boy, about seven years of age, from the Coloured Orphan Asylum in this city. The girl claims that the boy was given to her in Arkansas, and that she is therefore his legal guardian. The affidavit on which the warrant was issued was made by Levi Coffin, after whom the boy was named when placed in the Asylum. Deputy Marshal Good went to New Richmond, Ohio, and arrested Emily at her house, but did not find the boy. After the arrest was made, this woman requested permission to go into another room, for the purpose of dressing for the journey, which was granted, of course, the officer remaining in the ante-room. After waiting a long time for the reappearance of his prisoner, the officer entered the room and found it empty. On examination he discovered a trap door leading to an underground passage, and following it out emerged into daylight again a short distance from the house. The woman had some fifteen minutes start of the officer, but the latter came up with her about two miles distant, and again took her into custody, and returned to the city on Thursday. The case will be heard before Judge Pruden this morning.—*Cincinnati Gazette, 28th ult.*

AN EX-TREASURER OF A RAILROAD TURNED MAIL ROBBER.—*Springfield, Monday, Nov.* 30, 1857.—William S. Tuckerman, formerly Treasurer of the Eastern Railroad at Boston, was arrested last night at New Haven for mail robbery. He is now in jail and confesses his guilt.

The arrest of Tuckerman, it is thought, will explain the robbery of the Havana mail for the State of Maine, missing about the 21st of November; also, the mail from Portland for New York, and the mail from Boston for New York, all missing on the New Haven land route about the same time. The missing Havana mail contained about 500 letters, 100 of which were for merchants of Portland, and doubtless, contained many remittances.

The evidence against Tuckerman is deemed conclusive, and it is understood that he confesses his guilt. His operations were mainly on Sunday night trains. He would take passage at New York with a large trunk, in which was a carpet bag containing clock weights to make it heavy, and during the temporary absence of the baggage-master he would steal a mail bag and deposit it in his trunk. He acknowledges having $800 worth of stolen postage stamps. Five hundred dollars in bills on the Lee Bank of Massachusetts were found upon him. The Philadelphia mail for Boston, with others, being missed, the several railroad superintendents on the New York and Boston route, the postmasters and special agent Holbrook have been for several weeks on the alert, and have now probably captured the robber. The amount of the robberies is supposed to be large. Tuckerman will be examined to-morrow.

The depth of ignorance and disqualification which characterize the present Common Council is very little known to the people. When the Controller, a few weeks ago, sent in his usual instalment of stationery, it was not only whispered but openly and jeeringly asserted that to many of the people's representatives the pens and paper were as useless as the fifth wheel of a coach. It may be that the stolid ignorance of an Alderman is a valuable qualification; if so, we have any number of Hazeltines in the City Hall who ought to be advanced to the supervision of Normal Schools. Here, for instance, are copies, as near as we can produce them in type, of two documents signed by the Alderman of the Sixteenth Ward, Mr. Peter Fullmer—the man who is to have the regular Democratic and the bogus American nomination for re-election:

New York Sept 1rst 1857
the Police offeecer will Pleas Let the Bairer Thomas Smith Have the Boddy of Sophia Smith to Remove hir to his House No 246—Nenth Avenue Now Lying Drownded at the foot 21 Streete Dock and Notafy the Coraner of the Plac you have Removed hir for the inquest and you will Confer A favor on Your friend Yours Truly
Peter Fullmer
Alderman 16th ward

N B you will Accompany
the Boddy to No 246—9th Av
and Retaen Supeveteon over
hir yours P. F—

New York Nov. 1rt 1857
this Cirtafees I have this Day Granted permition to Mrss Wordendike & Hopper pemition to have theer Bay Horse kilid as he has the Glanders A Diseas Dangerous to Horses and Should Not Be Permmitted to Live theer fore he Shal be kild According to Law. Peter Fullmer
Ald 16th ward

If any other Sixteenth Ward Democrat can beat that, let him come forth and claim the nomination.—*Tribune.*

TWO RUNAWAY SLAVES TAKEN AT CLEVELAND—ONE OF THEM ESCAPED ON THE ROAD BACK TO SLAVERY.—We learn that two coloured boys some eighteen or twenty years of age, who had escaped from their master, a Mr. Jewett, of Tennessee, were taken at Cleveland on Monday, where they had been quietly at work in a hotel for some time, and delivered to their master by process of Court. On the way to Cincinnati to be shipped by the river to their former home, one of them got off the cars at Carlisle station, and refused to get on again. The person having the two boys in charge endeavoured to force him upon the platform, but the fugitive turned upon him, struck him one or two telling blows, and then made good speed for the country.

The cars could not be stopped for one negro, and the owner of the slave was obliged to come on to Middletown with his remaining charge, where he procured assistance, and returned to Carlisle yesterday in pursuit of the fugitive. The other boy was brought to the city last evening, and is probably beyond the reach of any other than slave law.

The escape of the boy at Carlisle, we understand, created quite an excitement on the cars, and served to greatly relieve the monotony of a fatiguing trip. The chase was rather animated for a minute or two. If the master followed the runaway, he stood the risk of losing his "property" remaining in the car, so he wisely concluded to secure the bird in hand, and then beat the bush for its mate.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

We copied from the Cincinnati *Gazette* an account of the escape at Carlisle station, near Dayton, of one of a pair of negroes who were under charge of a man named Jewett, of Tennessee, who claimed them as his slaves. The *Gazette* spoke of these slaves as having been reclaimed in this city. That was an error, no doubt, but the Dayton *Journal* gives an account of the affair by which it will be seen the boys were decoyed away from this or some other place in Northern Ohio.

The *Journal* says that the boy who left the cars at Carlisle did not run off, but remained at the station, declaring that he was not a slave, but that he and the other boy had been hired by the white man Jewett, to go to a Columbus hotel, but they discovered at Carlisle that the man had taken the Delaware route, and was hurrying them towards slavery, through its entrance gate—Cincinnati. The pretended master, Jewett, went on to Middletown, from which place he returned with a friend to Carlisle, where the negro still was. Here an altercation took place between the negro and the man, which resulted in all being turned out of the station house. The white man then got a wagon, and all started for Franklin, but on the way the white man attempted to bribe the driver with $50 to go right on to Cincinnati. At Franklin the driver told of the offer to bribe, and the whole party were arrested. On the examination, the two white men were questioned separate and apart; one swearing that the boy ran away from Tennessee, and the other swearing he escaped from Kentucky. The magistrate sent all of them to Lebanon jail for further proceedings. The pretended master had no papers, or writ to show, and on his way to jail offered the officer $100 to be allowed to escape. The Dayton *Journal* says that it is unknown what became of the other poor boy who was taken to Cincinnati.—*Cleveland Her.*

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—We are happy to announce that two passengers arrived in this city this week, by the underground railroad. One was from Louisiana, and the other from Maryland. Two more victims have passed from under the yoke, and are free. Two human beings have changed themselves from chattels to men. They have taken the liberty which was theirs, and if necessary will defend it with their blood.

The passenger from Louisiana arrived on Sunday, weary and worn, but with a heart pulsating with freedom. His scanty clothing ill protected him from our piercing northern blasts; but as they whistled around him, they spoke *Liberty?* He was kindly and hospitably entertained. Elder Edward Scott made the wants of the fugitive known; contributions of money and clothes were made, not a person being found who did not trample the odious Fugitive Slave law under foot. All were rejoiced at being able to aid the escaped bondman. He was furnished with stockings, pants, vests, body and overcoats; between four and five dollars in specie, a free ticket to Worcester, and a letter of introduction to Rev. T. W. Higginson, of that city, one of the noblest of Freedom's champions, who shows his faith by his works. Ere this, the fugitive is speeding on towards Canada, where no tyrant master can seize upon him and drag him again into the hell of slavery.

Two years since he made an attempt to escape; he reached Cincinnati, and as he stepped upon the wharf his pursuers met him. They took him back, he was unmercifully beaten, and treated with a brutality which would have shamed a savage. He was sold—but the fire burned in his bosom unquenched. His aspirations for freedom were undying. By day he sighed for the land where no task-master wielded over him the lash; by night, the North star beckoned him northward, and whispered to his ear, "Come." In his dreams, bright visions greeted him; he saw a land where there were no human auction blocks—no gory whips—no compulsory, unrequited toil. He seized the first favourable opportunity, and fled, determined to die before he should be again taken back. Bloodhounds were put upon his track, but did not overtake him. He adopted a novel expedient to balk them and keep them back. He left Cayenne pepper in his tracks, which, after being snuffed by the hounds, rendered their progress slow. He reached the Mississippi, committed himself to a leaky boat, lying close to the bottom of the boat to keep out of sight of his pursuers. He said when he entered the boat, he was resolved that he would find a grave in the waters of the river before he was captured. He got beyond the reach of his pursuers, and finally secreted himself on board a ship bound to the North. In a short time he was found; fearful that he should be returned, he begged if that was to be his fate, to be thrown overboard, preferring death to the horrors from which he had fled. The Captain told him to calm his fears, he should not be sent back. And, said the captain, "I wish I had a load just like you." Noble man! no sordid squeamishness actuated him. He should be gratefully remembered by the friends of the slave. The captain brought him safely to New York, directed him to take the Fall River route, and named the manner how to do right, where to come to Providence, where he would find friends to aid him in his flight. How this kindness contrasts with that of some of our Northern captains under similar circumstances. There have been numberless instances where the fugitive has been returned, even after the vessel had arrived at a Northern port. Humanity has not all been crucified and crushed out. Honour to him who had the courage and the manhood to do right, where there were so many temptations to do the opposite.

The other passenger is still in the city; whether he will go to Canada, or not, is undetermined. Our advice would be, stay in the United States. He is an American citizen, though there has been a *dictum* by the Supreme Court which was intended to deny that a coloured man could be such. Freedom is his birthright; let him stay and enjoy it in his own native land. The hunters of men may be after him; but let him provide himself with means of defence, and if they cross his path with evil intent, send after them a leaden pill which shall settle the case in his favour.—*Providence Transcript.*

MARRIED.

BLUNT—HOLT.—At Andover, Mass., on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Geo. Moore, Mr. Charles C. Blunt to Miss L. Josephine Holt, only daughter of Joseph S. Holt, Esq., all of Andover.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Acknowledgments for Standard, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1.

884	Samuel Philbrick, Boston,	Mass. -	$10 00
913	Francis Clough, Worcester,	" -	4 00
957	Mrs. M. Butman,	" -	2 00
908	Adams Foster,	" -	2 00
689	H. L. Daggett, Boston,	" -	7 50
968	Dr. H. Cowdrey, Acton,	" -	2 00
910	Ch

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LITTLE ABOLITIONIST.

By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave."

[*Written for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.*]

CHAPTER III.

A few weeks after the events recorded in the last chapter, and when Sally went to visit her mammy on Saturday evening, she was surprised to find her in tears.

"Dear mammy," cried the child, flinging her arms affectionately round her neck, "what *is* the matter with you?"

"Nothing, child—nothing, baby," said the woman, as she tenderly folded her foster-child to her bosom. "Nothing that need make your pretty eyes red with crying;" and again the woman's tears fell fast and blinding.

"Tell me, dear mammy, what *is* the matter?" Mammy made no reply, but swayed her body back and forth in an agony of grief, while the child still clung to her, praying to know the cause.

Just then, Amy, Mrs. Manners's cook, came in, with an unsteady step. She walked up to Aunt Betty, saying, in a tone of voice that faltered with a respectful sympathy:

"Miss Sally, you had better go home; don't stay here to 'stress yourself 'bout what has happened—you aint to blame. But, oh!" she exclaimed passionately, "thar's a black account somewhere! 'Em that God joins together, worse than the devil puts asunder. Oh, thar's a great day of reckoning a comin for de white folks. And I wouldn't stand in thar shoes for a pretty price;" and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"What's been done *now*," asked Sally.

"Why, to be sure, Miss Sally, they's done sold Uncle Bill," replied Amy.

"Oh, my God! oh, my God! the worst is come now," cried Aunt Betty. "My heart's done broke right in two. Oh, Lord, have mercy!"

"Who sold Uncle Bill? Who sold mammy's good husband?" exclaimed Sally, while her great eyes seemed starting from their lids, and her cheeks were pale as death.

"Why, *his master*, Mr. Hooks," answered Amy.

"Who bought him?"

"A nigger-trader."

"And he goes down the river to-morrow," cried the agonized wife, "and I'll never see him any more. Oh, my poor old man, my poor old man; they'll work him to death on their rice plantations. Oh, I'll never see him any more. Oh, God, kill me! kill me right here, on the spot! I haint nothing to live for. They sold all my children, one by one, and I thought they would leave my husband. Now he has to go!"

Sally stood, with whitened cheek and shortening breath, her ear drinking in this wild lamentation. They were words of sorrow from a heart that had ever been alive to Sally's slightest pang. The child stood like one transfixed, when, suddenly loosening her hold of her mammy, she walked firmly out of the cabin.

It was just sunset. The golden rays played lovingly over the brown curls of the child as she hastened along the pathway to her grandfather's house, about half-a-mile from the cabin. She walked with a proud step, for a great purpose was in her heart. She passed several gentlemen, whom she knew quite well, and who greeted her with the tenderest salutation. They had been friends of her father. But she did not see them. One of them, a lawyer of the village, looking after her, said to his companion:

"That *is* a strange child. They say she can be brought under no kind of rule. She is not lacking in wit, is of a keen and ready tongue, but difficult to educate. I knew and loved her father, and the little Frolic has a charm for me, for his sake, as well as her own."

"I don't fancy her," replied the other; "she is oftentimes at my house, playing with my children; but she always seems to me a sort of astray—a changling. I never could look upon her as an honest child of Henry Morton's; she is so unlike him in all her ways. She is always reproving somebody. My children speak of her as self-willed and imperious."

"Yes, the little imp has lived with her nurse, and been accustomed to doing as she pleased. She does brook restraint, is proud and arrogant; but I love your mettled animals. The child *is* strange, and for that I like her; her directness of speech amuses me. She is a true '*do as you would be done by.*' Her family tell funny stories of her remarkable sense of justice. Did you notice how proudly she passed us, seeming not to hear our salutation?"

"Yes; and her father was the proudest man that ever stepped. I verily believe he scorned the solid earth upon which he trod. But then he was a fine fellow—good with a glass of wine, excellent at cards, and the best shot in the country. Oh! he was a capital blood. Ah! Livingstone, when I think of our gay young days, I can't believe myself the sober father of a growing family."

"Yes; but, Dixon, we are all stepping along quite fast in the old worn path."

The two friends passed on, forgetful of their momentary interest in the daughter of their old friend, in recalling the memories of their younger days. She, meantime, hastened forward to the house of her grandfather. Determination was written all over her face and form. She planted her feet upon the ground as if resolved to make the dumb earth cry out at their touch and speak with her in a cause so dear. She did not doubt her success, and was only in a hurry to get back to her mammy and tell the result of her visit. When she neared the house, the moon was just kissing the roof, and trembling upon the vines and rose-bushes that clustered on the piazza, and filled the atmosphere with delicious perfume.

It was a lovely evening, one to calm the heart and soothe the spirit. Sally passed through the piazza and front hall into the library, where her grandfather sat at the open window, looking out upon the sweet moon-lit scene.

That was a beautifully-fashioned room, with shelves of books, busts, vases and pictures, easy-chairs, lounges and soft-tufted carpet: all the appliances of luxurious comfort.

Sally crept up to her grandfather's side, and, kneeling down beside him, said:

"Grandfather, did you know that Mr. Hooks had sold Uncle Bill to a negro-trader?"

"No, my child. But what brought you here at this hour of the evening? Who came with you? Does your aunt Manners know where you are?"

"Grandfather, I came here to ask you to do something for Uncle Bill. Can't you buy him?"

"No, indeed, my child; I've more darkies now than I can afford to keep."

"Are you going to let Uncle Bill be sent down the river?"

"If his master has sold him, he will have to go."

"Grandfather, it will kill mammy."

"Not a bit of it, child. She'll cry a little for a while, but soon get over it."

"I can't bear to see him go. He has been kind to me, grandfather. When I lived with mammy, he used to bring me apples and maple sugar of Saturday evenings, and take me riding in his little sled. He was good to me—good to everybody—and he loves mammy and won't want to leave her."

"Bill has been a bad negro, Sally. He is a rogue, and I dare say Mr. Hooks sold him for some bad conduct."

"I don't believe it. And if he did, I don't want him sold. Pray do something for him, dear grandfather;" and the child coaxingly put her arms round his neck and kissed his gray locks, whilst the moisture from her eyes dampened his broad forehead.

The old man was touched by the child's emotion. He returned her caresses, and gently drew her down upon his knee. "My pretty froward one, how you take these things to heart! You'll nip all the pretty blossoms of your h . Old Betty has been tampering with you. She has sent you here. She is a sorry negro."

"No, grandfather; she does not know that I have come. She refused to tell me what was the matter, when I found her crying; but it will break my heart to see Uncle Bill sold away to the South. If you can't afford to buy him, won't you persuade uncle Manners, or Uncle James, or some of your friends to do it? Why, anybody might do it, rather than see him sold away from his wife."

Mr. Morton smiled.

"My little girl talks just like herself. Now, I dare say Sally would sell all her pretty playthings, give her nice new hat and frock, and go quite plainly dressed, to buy Uncle Bill."

"Yes, indeed, I would, dear grandfather; you can have them *all, all*, and I wish I had more. Only buy poor Bill."

Mr. Morton pressed the child warmly to his heart. "Oh, I love this good little heart," he murmured. "She is a sweet little child, let her moods be as whimsical as they may. She means well. But this little good spirit will be often wounded in life. She trusts and hopes for so much?"

Sally paid but little attention to this muttered praise. Her thoughts were fixed upon Uncle Bill's rescue.

Whilst she lay upon her grandfather's bosom, pleading with all a child's impassioned eloquence for her foster-mother's husband, a far different scene was being enacted in another part of the house.

Miss Emily and her widowed sister, Mrs. Goodwin, were seated in a handsomely furnished boudoir, plying their white fingers upon some dainty embroidery-work. The room displayed all the luxuries of easy Southern life. Everything bespoke beauty and refinement. The ladies themselves were lovely and elegant as wealth, good birth and easy habits could make them. They were fair and low-voiced; trained to courtly-rule and agreeable manners; they never jarred the ear by rough tones, or offended delicate taste by brusque manner. They were Southern women; and everybody knows that implies grace and loveliness of appearance.

They were talking in that low, rumbling strain, listless and almost reluctant of words; and quite a pretty picture it was. Miss Emily's light form was draped in a blue silk that swept the carpet in luxurious folds, cut with a low corsage, and with a peeping of dainty lace that rested on the whiteness of her bosom like a fleece of cloud. Diamonds hung from her fine, fair ears, and sparkled on her spare fingers. Her azure eyes, delicate complexion, and hair like the yellow willows, seemed to bespeak her of the softest and most feminine mood. The tiny foot that half rested, half toyed upon the velvet stool would have been a rare possession for Cinderella herself.

And Mrs. Goodwin was one of those stately personages who give us an idea of great power. She was full in stature, with ample proportions. Her high, broad brow, waxen and fair, was shaded with bands of raven hair laid smoothly across; and her large, lustrous black eyes were fringed by sweeping pretty, lashes. The complexion was a clear olive, with a rich, red blood, plashing in crimson sluices along the cheeks. She was dressed in black, which seemed to add to her natural stateliness.

"Emily," she said, "do you think that sister Catherine will come up to Kentucky this summer?"

"I think it doubtful. She seems to speak of it as all but impossible. She writes so out of spirit. The report, last winter, of the insurrection so frightened brother Berker that I think he will be afraid to leave the plantation."

"Why, he has good overseers. Why shouldn't they come?"

"Yes, the overseers are strict and efficient; but it is better for Mr. Berker to be at home. He overlooks everything himself. You know he is a man of untiring energy, and has the handsomest plantation in Louisiana. Everything about the mansion is the ne-plus-ultra of taste; and, then, the plantation arrangements are excellent. The servants are kept in the best order, and subject to a very rigid course of discipline, which shows Mr. Berker's perfect knowledge of rule. At nine o'clock, when the suboverseer goes round, every one of the three hundred are expected to be in bed. No light is allowed in the cabins. They rise at four, and are fairly at work whilst our Kentucky negroes are in bed. They haven't half the discontent that we experience among ours—for they have fewer liberties and less time to talk over their affairs. I don't know what was the occasion of this recent alarm, but I suppose it was false; it was, perhaps, well, as it has induced them to tighten their rule."

"I wish we could have some such fright in Kentucky, for the negroes need to be kept more strictly here. I am disgusted at the lax domestic government."

Mrs. Goodwin's face looked more iron than ever. Her heart was filled with bitterness, and it marked her sharp features.

Just then, a little brown face peered in at the door, and, with a half grimmace, stepped lightly up to Miss Emily and offered her a bunch of common garden flowers, bound up with a dirty thread. The lady laughed as she tossed the gift aside, saying—

"I don't wish such flowers. Can't you do better than that, Joe?"

Joe twisted her wiry form round the chair, and, displaying her white teeth in a broad grin, replied:

"Laws, Miss Emily, I thinks 'em mighty fine. They smells sweet. Them hollyhocks is pretty. I couldn't get a nice string for 'em." And she gathered them up from the floor and looked at them with an eye of admiration.

This Josephine, or Joe, as she was familiarly called, was a sort of pet in the household. Miss Emily had kindly bestowed her name upon her; and, from the child's extraordinary brightness, had made her a favourite. She could sing delightfully; imitate, with her voice, any kind of instrument; had a ready and quick ear for music; was a good mimic and strongly possessed of the comic vein. Her odd speeches never failed to provoke a laugh; and, by her quizzical manner, she eluded many a well-merited punishment. She was ready at a falsehood, and, when detected, wired herself out of it by telling a few more, doubtless upon the homœopathic principle of "*like cures like.*" She was a quaintly pretty child, of a bright, clear brown complexion, lithe form and thin visage, with large, sparkling black eyes, broad mouth and conical head. She was fleet in movement as a roebuck, and as frolicksome as a kitten; subject to quick bursts of temper that passed off in a free and hearty burst of laughter.

And now, as she skipped out of the room, with her rejected flowers in her hand, she made a queer sort of bound in the entry, circling round with her skirts widespread, till she made what she termed "an umbrell."

"See that, Miss Sally," she cried, as Sally descended a flight of stairs, at the foot of which the child stood with inflated skirt, making what was really not unlike a hoisted umbrella.

"Yes, I see it, Joe; and it isn't much of a show."

"Can you do it? If you can, you may have these flowers."

Sally flirted herself round till she gathered a sufficiency of wind, and rounded too, into quite a large umbrella.

"Well, I does declar that *is* a pretty umbrell; the best I ever saw. Now, here's the flowers." Sally took them with a kind "thank you," and started off, for she was in trouble.

It was far beyond the dusk of evening, and she swept along the star-lighted path of the garden, but, hearing a stealthy footstep behind her, she turned and perceived Joe following her.

"Why do you come after me, Joe?"

"'Cause you sorrowful-like, Miss Sally, and I wants to know what's the matter?"

Sally hesitated for a moment, then asked,

"Joe, did you know that Uncle Bill was sold?"

"Yes; I hearn 'em say so at the cabin."

"Aint you sorry, Joe?"

"No, I aint sorry. He is gwine down the river. He will get a ride on the boat, and look down into the water, and can have lots of fun. What's I sorry for him for?"

"He is going to leave his wife."

"He can get another one down whar he is gwine; thur's plenty of em thar."

"Plenty of what?"

"Wives, to be sure—they's plenty as corn."

"Men don't have but one wife, Joe."

"Laws! yes they does. I'se got five pappies."

"No, you haven't."

"Yes, I have. Thar was my sure enough pappy—he was sold down river. Then Uncle Pete was my next pap—he run off. Then Uncle Jack—he died out in the cabin. Then mammy *took up* with Mr. Leman's Dick, and he was pap till the white-folks sold him; and now Uncle Jim is my pap, and I spect he'll soon be sold. Then I spects I'll have nother. I wish his boss would sell him, 'cause I don't like him; he never gives me anything, like tothers did."

Sally listened with a half sad, half mirthful expression, and then inquired,

"Joe, don't you want to see your real father?"

"My rale pap, Miss Sally? Why, who's he? Which of 'em? Isn't they all rale?"

"Why, your first one—he that was sent down the river."

"Oh, I doesn't kere to see him. I don't want a pap unless he gives me nice things."

Sally laughed, and went on wending her way slowly toward Mrs. Manners. She went thither with the hope of winning her uncle Manners's compassion, and getting his consent to the purchase of Uncle Bill.

It was late, but the child knew no fear; and, of a wild, adventurous disposition, she would have welcomed anything like danger. They used to call her the boy-girl, for she was fond of boyish sports and pranks. She could fly a kite, throw a ball, or shoot a marble, with the best boy. She never played with a doll or built a baby-house. These feminine amusements had no charm for her strong taste.

Now, as she wandered along, her thoughts moved faster than her feet. How delightful, she thought, 'twould be to take word to mammy that Uncle Bill had been bought by some of the family, and would not leave her. Oh, how she longed for power to relieve her mammy's sorrow. She would willingly have assumed it; but her generosity was powerless to do more than expend itself in futile attempts. As she neared her uncle Manners's house, she saw a bright light streaming from the French windows; and through the disparted folds of lace curtain she espied the form of her aunt and cousins gliding about in happy home-comfort. Sally felt something like a foreboding when she passed through the arched doorway and stood in the presence of her uncle.

Mr. Manners was seated in the dining-room, overlooking a new book which the day's mail had brought him. He was a tall, spare man, of thin blood, with scarcely pulse enough to excite him beyond a smile. Though only forty-five years of age, he was quite bald, with pale blue eyes, from which no ray of feeling ever shot its benignant fire. His mouth was square and firm, with a stout Roman nose. His very clothes had a peculiar, "set" look. Everything about him denoted the hard, worldly character; an ice man to whom the cry of suffering was of no more moment than the idle playing of summer-wind.

Sally went tripping up to that hard man like a little blessed fairy to an old ghoul.

"Uncle," and she laid her little hand upon his shoulder, "Uncle Bill, mammy's good husband has been sold." She paused a moment, but Mr. Manners still read his book.

"Uncle," and the little voice grew firmer, "did you hear me tell you that good Uncle Bill is sold?"

"Yes, dear; and pray who is Uncle Bill?" replied Mr. Manners, without removing his eyes from his book.

"Mammy's husband; and a good, kind old man. Mammy is dreadfully distracted; she don't want to part with him. Can't you buy him? do, dear uncle." Still Mr. Manners read. The child's entreaty was scarcely heard.

Sally remained silent for a few moments, looking earnestly all the while into her uncle's face, but determined not to be driven from her purpose. She continued:

"Uncle, did you hear me?"

"What is it, child?" and he put his hand fondly upon her head.

Again she told him of the danger that threatened her foster-mother.

"Well, who is Bill's master?"

"Mr. Hooks; but he has sold him to a trader, and he will have to go to that far-off down the river, and never see poor mammy again. Do, dear uncle, buy him from this trader."

"Oh, run away, child; don't bother me with this sort of talk; it is mere babble, nonsense. I am busy now."

The child grew livid in the face. She drew back a few steps from her uncle, and exclaimed,

"What, uncle! is it babble to ask you to keep from breaking poor mammy's heart; to save Uncle Bill from going down the river, and away from his friends?"

Mr. Manners turned to a table and picked up a pretty, little story-book.

"Here, child, take this and read it; it will do you more good than fooling and whining among the negroes."

"I don't want the book; I shan't read it, and I hate you, uncle Manners—you are a mean, bad man, and God will make you suffer for this. I hope he will," and the impetuous child swept rather than walked out of the room.

It was now quite dark, and Sally did not know whither to go. So she went to her little, lonely room, and, without other light than that which moon sent in, she sat dreary and alone. She was proud and independent in her nature, loving good for itself; ready and strong to carve her block of life as she thought best; to hew it into a fair and stately monument. She was hot and impetuous rather than soft and tender; strong, bold and wilful. She longed now in her secret soul to rend the oppressor, to make him feel the rebound of his own poisoned arrow; to commend the ingredient of his unsanctified cup to his own drinking. "If," said she, "slavery be right and honourable, I wish that uncle Manners were a slave. I'd sell him, that I would, then we'd see how he would like it. I'll go tell him so;" and quick as thought she sped away to the dining-room, where Mr. Manners still lingered with his book.

"Uncle Manners," she broke forth in a quick tone, "how would you like to be a slave, sold away from your wife and family."

Her uncle looked up from his book and smiled at her blazing face.

"Why, dear, I don't believe I would like it altogether as well as I do my present condition."

"But I wish you were a slave," said she impetuously, "and I were your owner. I'd sell you down the river, away from your wife, and nobody *should* bring you back."

With these words there came an indignant burst of tears, which quite surprised Mr. Manners. He laid his book aside and coaxingly drew the child upon his knee, which she stoutly resisted.

"Let me go, uncle Manners. I hate you for a bad man that you are. I wish the old d—l had you; and he will too."

"Oh, Sally, what an ugly temper you have; ain't you ashamed to talk this way to your uncle? Do you know how wicked it is?"

"I don't care; it isn't so wicked as refusing to buy a poor black man who has been sold away from his wife."

"I haven't the money to buy him, Sally."

"Yes, you have, uncle. You might sell the carriage and horses if there was no other way, but I know you have plenty of money. You don't want to buy him."

"What would your aunt and cousins say if I were to propose such a thing as selling the carriage and horses to buy a good-for-nothing old nigger?"

"I don't care what *they say*. Besides, Uncle Bill is not a good-for-nothing old nigger. He is a kind man."

"Well, I beg your pardon, I forgot that he is a sort of father of yours, as old Betty is your mammy, and, my child, you have stayed with them till you are almost a quadroon. You must not go so much with old Betty."

Sally sprung up from his knee.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, uncle, to talk so about my good old mammy. She is a hundred times better than you," and her face was literally ablaze.

"Go to bed, my dear—say your prayers and learn to be a better girl," said her uncle, quietly.

Sally stamped her foot as she moved toward the door, and, seeking her own little room, she threw herself upon her bed, and cried herself to sleep.

(*To be Continued.*)

Miseries of a Millionaire.—There is a curious story about the late Mr. Morrison, who has recently died worth four millions of money. It is said that during the last two years of his life he was the victim of a singular mental hallucination, that he was the victim of a singular mental poverty, and that but by that he was in the utmost bread. His friends accordingly used to make he get daily hands, and set him to work for a short time in the garden, paying him weekly wages of a few shillings, and in this way alone would he be quieted.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BY G. W. CURTIS.

Mr. Thackeray is now nearly fifty years old. He was born in India, where his father held an important and lucrative situation under government; but dying while his son was about five or six years old, the boy was presently brought to England, which has since been his home. In one of his lectures upon the Georges he speaks of seeing Napoleon, when the ship that was bringing him from India stopped at St. Helena. His attendant seemed to regard the great Emperor as "old Bogey" rather than Boney, and to have had the most wholesome fear of him, although the great man probably did no more than stand in his military surtout, fold his arms, and look at him. But any man might be glad to have even a childish recollection of Bonaparte at St. Helena.

Thackeray's early Indian associations constantly manifest themselves in his books. In "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes," Mr. Jos. Sedley, the Begum, and Colonel Newcome, all—so to speak—smell of bamboo and camphor-trunks. And the picture is all the more interesting because the Indian merchant, with his enormous lacs and liver, is one of the conspicuous objects of English society during the last century.

Nobody knows much about Thackeray's early life. Even Horne's *Spirit of the Age*, published in 1843, does not mention his name, although it has room for the names of gentlemen who are now forgotten. But in one of the author-portraits of *Fraser's Magazine* there is a group of the leading writers in that periodical called "Our Contributors," and there you may see the head which we present to you this week, a score of years younger, perhaps, but with the same clear, penetrating expression—as of a mind on the scent—and the same unshrinking sincerity and broad humour—a Saxon Rabelais.

He had money when he was a young man, and spent it freely. The scenes of "fast life" scattered through all his stories are leaves out of his own experience and observation. He has "seen life," as we say, much more than most men. Nor has he seen it as an amateur and critic only, but with the heartiness of natural sympathy. Thackeray, like Fielding and Goldsmith and Steele, whom he so warmly admires and so touchingly characterizes, is a *Bohemian*—a man who loves a spice of lawlessness in life, and before whose sarcastic smile the "proprieties"—those hollow masks of impropriety—are sure to fly.

There is a story in *Lady Blessington's Memoirs* which is perfectly characteristic of Thackeray. Lady Blessington, who tried to be a London Madame de Staël, and to make her residence at Gore House a London *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, left London with Count d'Orsay, the husband of her daughter, for Paris. She left everything behind; the furniture, the books, the pictures, and all the *virtu* (!) in Gore House. It was a charming spot. Willis, in his earlier letters from Europe, describes it in its very best days, when Bulwer sat in the bow-window looking into the park—when Disraeli, profusely jewelled, lounged, like an Emir of the Labanon, on luxurious cushions, under heavy curtains—and little Tommy Moore, his face chirping in advance, came sliding up the room "with the air of a man entirely at home the moment his foot touched a carpet." It was, in fact, a sort of chapel-of-ease to Holland House. In the stately rooms of the latter—where the grave ghost of Addison yet dictated severe laws of behaviour—questions of politics and state were earnestly discussed by the most eminent Whigs in England; but in the more sumptuous saloons of Gore House the company was younger, equally brilliant, but less select, and over all the revels reigned a Queen who was as fondly flattered (see Willis *passim*) as ever was Elizabeth by her courtiers.

But still one easily fancies the gay evenings—the fine dinners—the sweet songs of Tommy Moore in the twilight—the easy tears of pretty women, reclining on fauteuils, and luxuriously listening—the dances—the whispers—the flirtations—the carnival of youth and beauty; time and care excluded by sparkling thoughtlessness, as the darkness and cold were shut out by the thick, rich, crimson hangings. One sees the feast of Epicurus, and hears the ring of glasses and the sweet singing, and understands how softly the blinded hours slipped by.

Suddenly Cleopatra rose and fled, and the revel at Gore House was changed into an auction. The old *habitués* of the circle came to look their last—to buy cheap, perhaps—and the French valet, writing about the sale afterward to my lady in Paris, describes the crowd, the eagerness, the confusion, and adds: "Mr. Thackeray came also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went away. He is, perhaps, the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure."

Now the great satirest may have had a cold in his head, or the breath of the crowd may have made a mist upon his spectacles; but it is also just possible that he has a human heart in his bosom.

He wrote a great while before he was much heard of. Men among us who read English magazines and books learned, about fifteen or eighteen years ago, the name of Michael Angelo Titmarch, a sobriquet which is very humorous when you consider Thackeray's Michael-Angelesque nose, his immense person—for he is considerably more than six feet high—and the Titanic force and vigour with which he assaults what are apt to be considered the little things of society. These two extremes of size and treatment, personal as well as intellectual, are humorously contrasted in the name by which he was first recognised as an independent talent in English literature. Before *Fraser* he wrote papers for a literary journal, and painted pictures in Paris, half meaning and hoping to be a painter; then he wrote literary articles in the London *Times*, one upon Fielding being the germ of his lecture upon that author.

He was among the early contributors to *Punch*, in which the "Snob Papers," and "Jeames's Diary," and "Punch's Prize Novelists," and many of his best minor works were published. The "Yellowplush Paper" appeared in *Fraser*, in 1841, but it was not until the publication of "Vanity Fair," the preface of which is dated June 28, 1848, and for which he could with difficulty find a publisher in London bold enough to undertake it, that Thackeray arose to a general European and American reputation. Previous to this his works may be called sketches, or, more properly, studies for his larger pictures; for not only are the novels full of the same general spirit and qualities, but the same persons frequently reappear. As a pure novelist—or delineator of living manners—Thackeray is by far the greatest since Smollett, although, of course, his genius has a scope and power, and his style a compact elegance, of which the historian of "Roderick Random" has no trace.

When Thackeray began to write Scott was dead, and Dickens was just beginning. Carlyle was spitting fire at "flunkeys," and "shams," and "red tape"; but the great mass of English readers did not attend to him. Those who did not think him full of German affectations and nonsense, supposed him to be queer and dyspeptic, and Carlyle had his first appreciation in America. The novels of England, twenty years ago, believed in silver forks and old families. They do still, many of them, but more moderately. The Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves, did and do kiss the dust before Lord Thomas Noddy; and this spirit, which happens to be as old as man, was called at that time Snobbery, and upon all kinds of snobbery descended Thackeray with his tomahawk. He gave the soul of the flunkey no rest. The "Paris Sketch-book," the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," showed up the snob travelling; the "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and the tremendous adventures of "Major O'Gahagan," outbragged the Irish snob; the "Rebecca and Rowena," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," and a cloud more of sketches, rained fire upon the great flat plain of snobbery; and considering Bulwer to be the arch-snob in literature, Thackeray planted his batteries before him, and poured in upon Sir Edward an endless cannonade of sarcasm and humour.

There has been no such continuous and brilliant satire in English literature since Pope and Swift, and it is a thousand times nobler than theirs. Swift was half crazy, and Pope was wholly selfish in his sarcasm; but there is a manly and generous indignation throbbing under Thackeray's satire, like the sea heaving under the driving foam of its surface. A dangerous and universal Democrat, he laughed at a pusillanimous literature, and shot with splendid scorn imbecile royalty and an ignoble aristocracy.

He has made enemies, of course, by this career. All Ireland abhors him. It has never forgiven the "Irish Sketch-book," and the irresistible ballads, and Captain Costigan. Ireland pursues him in print with relentless acrimony. It calls him the snobbiest of snobs—a grinning surgeon flourishing a scalpel—a faded beau—a Cockney—a pretender. Ireland is always brandishing a shillelah about the head of Thackeray, and Thackeray spits Ireland upon his colossal contempt.

There is a large party also which cries out that Thackeray is a cynic, and a cold-hearted critic; that all the men he draws are knaves, and all his women fools! Alas! the same thing has been said a hundred times of Dickens. Let us dethrone them both, naughty men! and betake ourselves to the virtuous Bulwer, the Shakspearian James, and the amiable society of ladies who knit stockings and novels indiscriminately.

Spite of Ireland and the critics, it is the truth that Dickens and Thackeray are now the great English novelists, and all the literary ladies are perpetually asking a man which he prefers. "Madame, I have two pear-trees in my garden; one is the *Duchesse*, the other is the *Flemish Beauty*; I am happy to say that each is better than the other."

Dickens makes an irresistible impression of genius, and of the most affluent, sympathetic, humorous and humane genius. His novels are panoramic peeps into the world, they are so crowded with figures. But he is constantly mastered by his own power, and fascinated by his own creations. He takes fancies, and fights battles with himself. He makes a man's nose which is funny, against himself. He makes a man's nose which is funny, and he pulls it out half an inch farther, for pure fun. This girl is a dear good little girl, and she shall be an angelic little Nell, so she shall. The result is, that his stories have an air of caricature—an invincible grotesqueness. It is not quite the thing, we know, but it is perfectly recognisable, and a good deal better than the Motley is fantastic, but its spirit is true. "Little one, but, good Heavens exaggeration. There never was one.

Thackeray impresses you here with this exuberant revel of genius. His range is more limited, but it is more perfect. He does not write stories—he daguerreotypes life. You do not like it? Very likely. But Shakspeare did the same thing; and, since Shakspeare, no man has more truly "held the mirror up to natnre" than Thackeray. In his sublime carelessness of consistency—and apparent consistency is always unnatural—he seems to be the one of all authors who takes life precisely as he finds it. If he finds it sad, he makes it sad; if gay, gay. You discover in him the flexible adaptability of Horace, but with a deep and consuming sadness which the Roman never knew, and which, in the Englishman, sometimes seems to be almost sentimentality. The feeling of Fate which impresses all sensitive minds with a kind of hopelessness constantly reveals itself upon his page, like the cadence of a minor theme through all the instrumentation. He lingers with yearning fondness over old scenes—over the memory of old friends and companions dead long ago. A smile trembles on his lip, but a tear glistens in his eye.

"Come, friends," he seems to say, "life is short; let us sing while we may, and pass the bottle. What is ambition—what is fame? In a world where Martin Farquhar Tupper goes into the thirtieth edition, let us all think small beer of ourselves."

But this sadness is not soiled with any sneer at noble effort. "Only," he would say, "don't pretend to be finer than you are. If you loved Julia yesterday, and love Jane to-day, why not say so? why try to hush it up with talk about never truly loving before?" and then, with fond, sad ridicule, a thin icing of worldly wisdom over longing human sympathy and tenderness, he sings:

"Gillian's dead, God rest her bier!
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, and I sit here
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nese in the Gascon wine!"

This is not a *carpe diem* cynicism; it is a wistful heart jesting with his own emotion. It is the same heart which is so revolted when Deuceace strikes his wife that he crucifies him in a comedy more terrible than tragedy—the same heart that says, with simple sincerity,

"Stranger, I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

—*Harpers' Weekly.*

CHARLES DICKENS ON SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOOLS HE DID NOT LIKE AND THE SCHOOLS HE DID LIKE.

[At a recent anniversary dinner of a public school in England Mr. Dickens occupied the chair. On the subject which had brought them together Mr. Dickens spoke with his usual felicity, as follows:]

I must now solicit your attention for a few minutes to the cause of your assembling together—the main and real object of this evening's gathering; for I suppose we are all agreed that the motto of these tables is not "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" but, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we live" (cheers). It is because a great and good work is to live to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to live a greater and a better life with every succeeding to-morrow, that we eat and drink here at all (loud cheers). Conspicuous on the card of admission to this dinner is the word "Schools." This set me thinking, this morning, what are the sorts of schools that I don't like. I found them, on consideration, to be rather numerous. I don't like—to begin with, and to begin, like charity, at home—I don't like the sort of school to which I once went myself (laughter)—the respected proprietor of which was by far the most ignorant man I have ever had the pleasure to know (laughter)—one of the worst tempered men, perhaps, that ever lived, whose business it was to make as much out of us, and put as little into us, as possible (great laughter)—and who sold us at a figure which I remember we used to delight to estimate as amounting to exactly £2 4*s.* 6*d.* per head (laughter). I don't like that sort of school, because I don't see what business the master had to be at the top of it instead of the bottom, and because I never could understand the wholesomeness of the moral preached on the abject appearance and degraded condition of the teachers, who plainly said to us by their looks, every day of their lives, "Boys, never be learned; whatever you are, above all things, be warned from that in time by our sunken cheeks, by our pimply noses (laughter)—by our meagre diet, by our acid beer, and by our extraordinary suits of clothes (roars of laughter)—of which no human being can say whether they are snuff-coloured turned black, or black turned snuff-coloured (fresh laughter)—a point upon which we ourselves are perfectly unable to offer any ray of enlightenment, it is so very long since they were undarned and new" (continued laughter). I do not like that sort of school, because I have never yet lost my ancient suspicion touching that curious coincidence that the boy with four brothers to come always got the prizes (great laughter). In fact, and short, I do not like that sort of school, which is a pernicious and abominable humbug altogether (hear, hear). Again, ladies and gentlemen, I don't like that sort of school—a ladies' school—with which the other school used to dance on Wednesdays, where the young ladies, as I look back upon them now, seem to me always to have been in new stays and disgrace—the latter concerning a place of which I know nothing at this day, that bounds Timbuctoo on the north-east (laughter)—and where memory always depicts the youthful enthraller of my first affection as for ever standing against a wall, in a curious machine of wood, which confined her innocent feet in the first dancing position, while those arms, which should have encircled my jacket (great laughter)—those precious arms, I say, were pinioned behind her by an instrument of torture called a backboard, fixed in the manner of a double direction-post (hear, hear). Again, I don't like that sort of school of which we have a notable example in Kent, which was established ages ago by worthy scholars and good men, long deceased, whose munificent endowments have been monstrously perverted from their original purpose, and which, in their distorted condition, are struggled for and fought over with the most indecent pertinacity. Again, I don't like that sort of school—and I have seen a great many such in these latter times—where the bright childish imagination is utterly discouraged, and where those bright childish faces, which it is so very good for the wisest among us to remember in after life (hear, hear); and when the world is too much with us, early and late, are gloomily and grimly scared out of countenance; where I have never seen among the pupils, whether boys or girls, anything but little parrots and small calculating machines (cheers). Again, I don't by any means, like schools in leather breeches, and with mortified baskets for bonnets, which file along the streets in long, melancholy rows, under the escort of that surprising British monster—a beadle (great laughter)—whose system of instruction, I am afraid, too often presents that happy union of sound with sense, of which a very remarkable instance is given in a grave report of a trustworthy school inspector, to the effect that a boy, in great repute at school for his learning, presented on his slate, as one of the ten commandments, the perplexing prohibition, "Thou shalt not commit doldrum" (laughter). Ladies and gentlemen, I confess also that I don't like those schools, even though the instruction given in them be gratuitous, where those sweet little voices, which ought to be heard speaking in very different accents, anathematize by rote any human being who does not hold what is taught there. Lastly, I do not like, and I did not like some years ago, cheap distant schools, where neglected children pine from year to year, under an amount of neglect, want, and youthful misery, far too sad even to be glanced at in this cheerful assembly (hear, hear). And now, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will permit me to sketch, in a few words, the sort of a school that I do like (hear, hear). It is a school established by the members of an industrious and useful order, which supplies the comforts and graces of life at every familiar turning in the road of our existence; it is a school established by them for the orphan and necessitous children of their own brethren and sisterhood; it is a place giving an education worthy of them—an education by them invented, by them conducted, by them watched over; it is a place of education where, while the beautiful history of the Christian religion is daily taught, and while the life of that Divine Teacher, who himself took little children on his knees, is daily studied, no sectarian ill-will nor narrow human dogma is permitted to darken the face of the clear heaven which they disclose. It is a children's school which is, at the same time, no less a children's home—a home not to be confided to the care of cold or ignorant strangers, nor, by the nature of its foundation, in the course of ages to pass into hands that have as much natural right to deal with it as with the peaks of the highest mountains or with the depths of the sea, but to be from generation to generation administered by men living in precisely such homes as those poor children have lost (cheers)—by men always bent upon making that replacement such a home as their dear children might find a happy refuge in if they themselves were taken early away. And I fearlessly ask you, is this a design which has any claim to your sympathy? Is this a sort of school which is deserving of your support? This is the design, this the school, whose strong and simple claim I have to lay before you to-night. I must particularly entreat you not to suppose that my fancy and unfortunate habit of fiction has anything to do with the picture I have just presented to you (hear, hear). It is sober matter of fact. The Warehousemen's and Clerks' Schools, established for the maintaining, clothing and educating of the orphan and necessitous children of those employed in the wholesale trades and manufactures of the United Kingdom, are, in fact, what I have just described. These schools for both sexes were originated only four years ago. In the first six weeks of the undertaking the young men, of themselves and quite unaided, subscribed the large sum of £3,000. The schools have been opened only three years. They have now on their foundation thirty-nine children, and in a few days they will have six more, making a total of forty-five (cheers). They have been most munificently assisted by the heads of great mercantile houses, numerously represented, I am happy to say, around me, and they have a funded capital of almost £14,000. This is wonderful progress, but the aim must be still upwards, the motto always "Excelsior" (cheers). You do not need to be told that five-and-forty children can form but a very small proportion of the orphan and necessitous children of those who have been entrusted with the wholesale trades and manufactures of the United Kingdom; you do not require to be informed that the house at New-cross, rented for a small term of years, in which the schools are at present established, can afford but most imperfect accommodation for such a breadth of design. To carry this great work through the two remaining degrees of better and best there must be more work, more coöperation, more friends, more money. Then be the friends and give the money (cheers). Before I conclude, there is one other feature in these schools which I would commend to your special attention and approval. Their benefits are reserved for the children of subscribers; that is to say, it is an essential principle of the institution that it must help those whose parents have helped them, and that the unfortunate children whose father has been so lax, or so criminal, as to withhold a subscription so exceedingly small that when divided by weeks it amounts to only three pence weekly, cannot in justice be allowed to jostle out and shoulder away the happier children whose father has had that little forethought or done that little kindness which was requisite to secure for them the benefits of the institution (hear, hear). I really cannot believe that there will long be any such defaulting parents (cheers). I cannot believe that any of the intelligent young men who are engaged in the wholesale houses will long neglect this obvious, this